

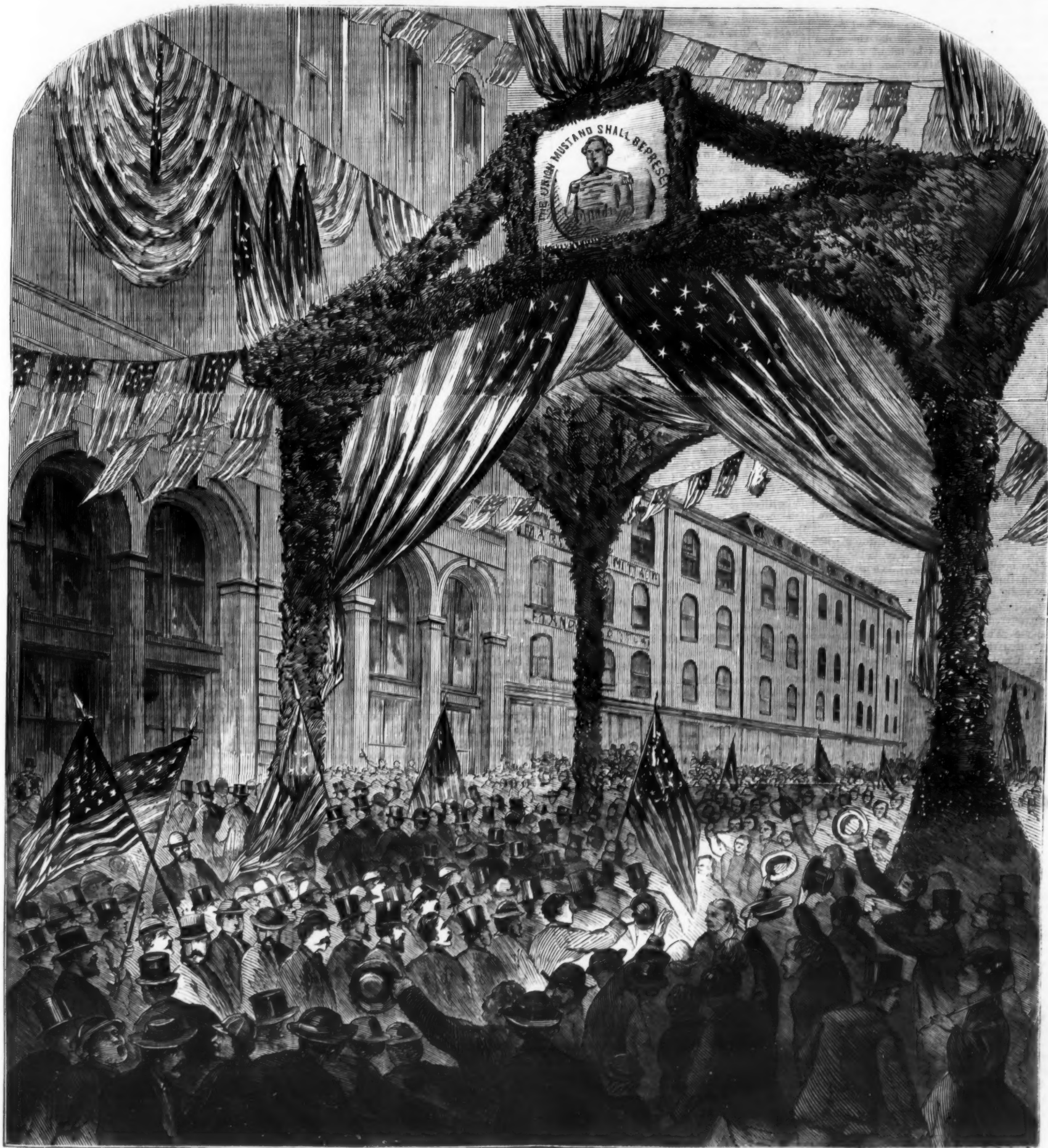
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1863, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court or the Southern District of New York.

No. 668—Vol. XXVI.]

NEW YORK, JULY 18, 1868.

[PRICE 10 CENTS. \$4 00 YEARLY.
13 WEEKS \$1 00]



THE NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

THE NEW TAMMANY HALL ON FOURTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY—THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH—PROCESSION OF DEMOCRATIC CLUBS AND ENTHUSIASTIC POPULAR DEMONSTRATION AT THE OPENING OF THE CONVENTION, JULY 4TH.—SEE PAGE 2/5.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, JULY 18, 1868.

NOTICE.—We have no traveling agents. All persons representing themselves to be such are impostors.

Who are the Bondholders?

EX-GOVERNOR SEYMOUR of this State, in a recent speech, presented some facts which will not be palatable to a large portion of the party to which he belongs, and which is endeavoring to create party capital by exciting the ignorant populace against the public creditors. To hear them speak, and to read their writings, a visitor from some other planet would infer that the country was divided into two classes, the "bondholders," a greedy, avaricious, overbearing, idle class, and the non-bondholders, a patient, industrious, suffering, tax-paying class, the victims of the first, and bound to toil and moil, that these may revel in leisure and wealth. Our extra-mundane visitor would be surprised to learn at last that the bondholder is the man that advanced money to the nation, that it might live, keep up its armies, pay bounties, and carry through a long and costly war with success, and that he did this when the risks were great that he might never obtain back his capital, his savings, or the accumulations of his industry and enterprise, receiving only the promises of the Government in return. He would be further surprised, on looking over the list of the public creditors, to find that, instead of being a class of purse-proud, arrogant, and "bloated aristocrats," they are largely made up of frugal, hard-working, honest people, of small means, who have faith in their Government, and reliance on its financial honor.

Governor Seymour has looked into this matter. He says:

"The labor of the West puts its earnings in a large degree into land. The labor of the East puts its earnings into savings banks, life insurance, or in other forms of moneyed investment. Thus they are deeply interested in Government bonds. The amount in savings banks in this State alone is \$140,000,000. This shows that there must be at least \$500,000,000 of money thus deposited in all the States. The average of the deposits, in 1867, in the State of New York was \$270. The number of depositors in the State of New York is about five hundred thousand (488,479), and in this city they number more than one-third of the population. This will make the number of depositors in the Union more than 1,800,000. In the State of Connecticut, in 1865, one-quarter of its population had deposits in savings banks. It is now usual for men of small property to insure their lives. The number of policies given out by all the life insurance companies are about 450,000, and the amount of insurance about \$1,250,000,000. The money invested is held on a sacred trust, as it is a fund laid aside for their families when the insurers die. All of the funds of savings banks and life insurance companies are not put in Government bonds, but they hold an amount which would cripple or ruin them if the bonds are not paid, or if they are paid in debased paper. If we add the trusts for widows and orphans, we find that 2,500,000 persons are interested in Government bonds who are not capitalists, and who are compulsory owners at present prices under the operation of our laws."

The "bondholders" of the country are therefore the people of the country, and any attack on the public credit, or violation of the contract under which men were induced to take the bonds of Government, is a direct assault on the property of the people. Even if the bonds of the country were all in the hands of capitalists, our obligations would be in no degree altered; but, then, any loss resulting from damage to the public credit would fall on a class that could bear it, whereas now, it would fall mainly on people of moderate means, on the frugal, industrious and provident. It is for two millions five hundred thousand of our citizens who are not capitalists, but who are bondholders, to watch well the Butlers and Pendletons, and other repudiators and finance tinkers, whose schemes and theories all tend to impair the public credit and put down the value of the public securities. These securities are valuable only to the extent that the public faith is maintained.

Flour and Bread.

FROM the trade circulars we learn that, during the past two months, Western Canal Flour has declined in price two dollars per barrel of 196 pounds, or twenty-five per cent. It would be very pleasant if we could add, that our city bakers had increased the size of their loaves in a similar proportion, or, which would amount to the same thing, had made a corresponding reduction in the price. But we can find nothing of the sort. Families who bake their own bread are, of course, conscious of this diminution of their expenses; but for one that practices such economy there are five hundred who are dependent upon the tender mercies of the baker or the grocer. Perhaps these dealers have not heard of the welcome news of a fall in flour; perhaps they are waiting to see whether it will last, or whether it be only "a speculative movement."

At all events, their profits are twenty per cent. larger than they were two months ago, and they can see no reason why the poor of our city should derive any benefit from the approaching bounteous harvest.

After all, it is partly the fault of a too patient public themselves, if, knowing the facts, they submit to what looks very much like extortion

on the part of the bakers. The spirit of competition, so much relied on by political economists, scarcely applies to this case. A dealer in a certain street, anxious to attract custom, may have reduced the price of the ten cent loaf to eight cents. His neighbors may profit by this, but those who live half a mile away cannot afford the time to send to "cheap John," and they must wait till the shop where they are accustomed to deal chooses to reduce its prices, which, generally, it is very slow in doing. An indignation meeting in each ward (if tacked on to the political meetings now so rife—it might render them useful, if not dignified), would go far in effecting a reform. In some countries we know of, bakers would be brought to their senses by one or two of them having their windows smashed, but we are "a law-abiding people," and a broad hint as to the drift of public sentiment may suffice to make these dealers in the necessary of life conform their prices to the actual value of wheat.

It is a great misfortune that no municipal or legislative laws exist, prohibiting all sales of bread, except by weight. It is easy to understand how, in the infancy of our social system, a jealousy for individual liberty left the dealing in many articles, in which the interest of the public was quite as deep as that of the dealer himself, without any restraint. It was supposed that everybody was able to take care of himself, and that if one man would not trade fairly with his customers, some one else could be found who would. But those days of Arcadian simplicity, if they ever existed, have passed away. Experience shows that in crowded communities people cannot, or will not, take care of themselves. The supreme power steps in with sanitary and police regulations, which, though essential to our happiness, by no means agree with our ancestors' ideas of personal liberty. It is because people have no means of protecting themselves against false weights that Government interferes and appoints public inspectors of weights and measures. The most earnest advocate of the rights of the individual, as opposed to the duties of Government, will not deny, that, as communities increase in size, and the relations of society become more complex, the latter must gradually encroach on the former, to the common benefit of both. The late Legislature passed a law making two thousands pounds the weight of a ton of coal, but without providing, as it ought, some means of enforcing so wholesome a regulation. If it had decreed that all wheaten bread must be sold by weight, and that any baker selling it in any other way should be fined five dollars, half the penalty to go to the informer, it would have given itself a perpetual claim to the gratitude of the poor of our cities.

No one will pretend that, with all their faults, the English people are not jealous in the extreme of the rights of individuals. Yet the weight of the quarter loaf is guarded in London with as much care as if its diminution by an ounce were a felony. The poor in all towns in England buy their bread by the pound—the only just way—and woe betide any baker who should sell it by the lump, as is done here. Who can know anything of the price of bread anywhere in the United States? You may search through every market report all over the Union, from one year's end to the other, and never find a matter, so important to the poor, ever alluded to. Take up a London Price Current, and along with the price of wheat and flour, you will find the quoted value of the quarter or four-pound loaf bearing always a definite ratio to that of the former articles of commerce.

In France, as is well known, the Government goes a step further, and fixes every week the price of bread, and so sensitive are the Parisians to any extraordinary increase, that the Government has frequently ordered bread to be sold at a less price than bakers could afford to make it, reimbursing them out of the public treasury for their consequent losses. It is not likely that any Government we shall ever have will become so excessively paternal in its care for the well-being of the people. But we cannot but think that the one extreme is just as injudicious as the other, and that the public has a right to claim from the Legislature some safeguard against being cheated in a vitally important matter, where it has no power to defend itself.

Answer to Gov. Seymour's Conundrum.

"WHY are the tax-payers laboring under a debt which bears an interest of six per cent., while other Governments can borrow money at three per cent., and at this low interest their bonds sell for better prices than ours?"

This is one of the questions that Governor Seymour propounded to his auditors in his recent speech before the Jackson Club. His audience must have been exceedingly stupid if there were none in it to give him a prompt and conclusive answer.

We are paying high interest on our obligations, and these obligations have a less market value than those of other countries, with half our solvency, because the world has not got faith in our honesty, not from any distrust

of our ability. And why has not the world got faith in our honesty? Because a large and powerful party, struggling for the control of the Government, openly avows its purpose of repudiating those obligations, or what is the same thing, of violating some of the expressed and essential conditions, and all the implied conditions, on which the Government obligations were issued! Because the Democratic members of the House of Representatives vote solid (as they did on the 29th of June) for a bill to levy a tax of ten per cent. on the interest of the public securities, in direct contravention of the condition on which those securities were issued, that they should be exempt from taxation. What does Governor Seymour think will be the effect of the passage of such a bill on the value of our bonds? The very fact of its introduction has depressed them in the market, and its passage would be a deadly blow at our credit, because all the world would say, and be justified in saying, that if one guarantee may be set aside, all may be, and the payment of interest as well as principal absolutely refused.

It is fear of the action of the Democratic party in respect of our finances that mainly depresses and keeps down our securities. Who does not know, if that party were to nominate a man for the Presidency openly in favor of meeting all our obligations in letter and spirit, that our securities would increase in value? Who does not know, if the approaching Democratic Convention were to adopt a strong resolution declaring its determination to guard faithfully the national credit, that then our bonds would immediately go up in the market?

Gas.

THE late Legislature at Albany thought, no doubt, that a terrible blow was being aimed at the gigantic gas monopolies that pretend to light our city, when it passed a law making illegal the charge for the rent of meter—25 cents per month. The chief gas company, the "Manhattan," did not seem to be filled with consternation at this decrease of their gains. But though they divided 65 per cent. last year, it would never do to allow their profits to be diminished by the ridiculous action of a State Government. Such impertinence must be checked; and we trust the lesson they have taught the folks at Albany will not soon be forgotten. Hitherto the bills of the gas company have consisted of three items—so many feet of gas at 25 cents per 100 feet; rent of meter, 25 cents; and United States tax of 25 cents per 1,000 feet. Now, as a warning to the public that their privileges cannot be touched with impunity, they have raised the price of their gas to 30 cents per 100 feet, and strike out the other two items. The consequence is, that a bill of 5,000 feet of gas now amounts to \$15. As formerly rendered, it would have been \$14. So much for legislative interference to reduce the price of gas to the consumers.

Some innocent-minded people have supposed that by their charter this company could only charge 25 cents per 100 feet. They will find, however, on inquiry, that the company, perhaps foreseeing the puny efforts of the Legislature to diminish, in the interest of the public, their enormous profits, have surrendered their charter, and are now working under the general manufacturing laws of the State. We take it that the increase of 5 cents per foot, of which they have just notified their consumers, is a sort of gentle hint that, if any further meddling with their rights is attempted, they will raise their price to 40 cents. The truth is, that the public would have no remedy if it was raised to 50 cents, and the lighting of the principal part of the city is virtually at the mercy of an irresponsible and enormously rich company.

In writing on this subject not long ago, we showed that London was about to have gaslight of eighteen candle power, and at a cost now of about \$1 per 1,000 cubic feet, which rate, it was supposed, might soon be reduced to 68 cents. In comparing this city, then, with London, it appears that we pay \$2 50 per 1,000 cubic feet of gas of thirteen candle power (as recent experiments show), while the Cockneys only pay about \$1 for the same quantity of eighteen candle power gas. Further, that the rates there tend toward a gradual decrease, while here the reverse obtains. And another conclusion is also reached: that in London public opinion has an immediate and remedial effect on the conduct of incorporated companies, while here public remonstrance is answered by cool defiance and an increase of our burdens.

But we are not quite defenseless, nor is the evil quite beyond remedy. The discoveries of science come to our aid, and the days of carbureted hydrogen as an illuminator are numbered. Oxygen gas is the source of all light and heat in the universe, and the world owes to French chemists the discovery of a process by which this gas can be produced at a cost far below that of coal gas. In purity and brilliancy, this new gas as far exceeds the old, as that is above the still older tallow candle and oil lamp system. In manageableness the new oxygen light is not inferior to that it is about

to supersede. As to cost, we may state in round numbers, that ten times more light, indescribably soft, steady, and brilliant, can be afforded at one-third less than what we now pay. The daily papers have given full accounts of the public experiments lately made, and our space will not allow us to go into the full details of the advantages of this new light. We notice it here chiefly to show how the greed of the Manhattan Gaslight Company in raising its price of gas, while the cry of the public and the whole tendency of scientific discovery are toward less costly systems of illumination, will be met and checked by the introduction into our streets and houses of a pure, cheap, and refreshingly agreeable light.

Atlantic Cables.

THE permanent success of the Atlantic Telegraph is established, and it is proved to be more reliable than any land line of half its length. As a consequence of this demonstration, new lines are projected, and we may soon expect to have one direct between New York and Brest. It is required for two equally potent reasons. The existing lines have their termini on British soil, and may be at any time closed against us by the British Government—an event not likely to happen, but possible. But more important than this is the necessity of a competing line, to bring charges to a reasonable standard.

A cable, once down, improves by its submersion. In other words, its electrical capacities are increased rather than diminished by submersion. It can be worked at a minimum of power. The electricians of the existing line lately, as an experiment, joined the two cables, forming a total length of 5,000 miles. They found, by means of a lady's silver thimble, fitted with bits of zinc and copper to form a battery, that even that small power actually sent a current through the whole distance in one second. There is no limit to the power of such cables; the circuit of the earth might be accomplished in five seconds.

In the course of making physical researches necessary for ascertaining the difference of longitude between America and England, it has been found that the time required for a signal to pass through the Atlantic Cable is 31-100ths of a second. This is equal to a velocity of 6,020 miles a second, considerably less than the speed of the electric fluid through land lines.

Matters and Things.

THE Female Question is making strange progress. From a city so little likely to be stirred by sentiment as Lisbon, we have received several numbers of a paper called *A Voz Feminina*, which is written by ladies, and devoted to the cause of woman's emancipation. Space is given to fiction, poetry, musical history, and fashions; the latter being described in French. *A Voz Feminina* would be useful to persons who are studying Portuguese.—We have now nearly seventy thousand Chinamen in this country; and in California their numbers and growing wealth begin to make them respected. In 1863 Great Britain shipped to China and Japan nearly ten millions in bullion, while San Francisco shipped only four and a quarter millions. In 1867 Great Britain shipped but a million and a third, while San Francisco alone shipped over nine millions.—The tax of one cent a box on matches, last year, netted to the Government a revenue of \$1,500,000. This shows a sale of one hundred and fifty millions of boxes.—Judge Portly went on a regatta the other day. On starting, the Judge said he felt like throwing up his hat. Before rounding the lights he thought he should throw up his boots.—A call for working girls comes from Nevada, where those who are willing to take moderate wages—say \$25 a month—are assured of steady employment and regular pay. The high prices of \$40 and \$50 a month demanded by Chinamen and other domestics in that State deprive many families of the labor of servants, and there is a growing demand for a change.—A letter from Vienna states that the Emperor of Austria has forwarded a splendid silver dinner-service to President Juarez, in return for the body of Maximilian.—Congress can divide Texas into four States; but only with the consent of the people; and they are not likely to give their consent at present. The petition of the Texas Convention asks that three States and one Territory be formed. Texas would, according to the boundaries assigned, have 37,400 square miles and 400,000 people; Navarro, 60,000 square miles and 400,000 people; Alamo, 57,000 square miles and 200,000 people. The proposed Territory would have but 6,000 people. Few people know what an empire Texas is. It would make twenty-five New Hampshire-shires, or more than five New Yorks, or nearly six Pennsylvanias. It is nearly three times as large as the island of Great Britain; and nearly half as large again as France.—A Boston poetaster writes from Saratoga:

"Some come to partake of the waters,
(The sensible, old-fashioned ones),
And some to dispose of their daughters,
And some to dispose of themselves;
And some to squander their treasure,
And some their funds to improve,
And some for mere love of pleasure,
And some for the pleasure of love,
And some to escape from the old,
And some to see what is new,
But most—it is plain to be told—
Come here because other folks do!"

—There is a law in Indiana which provides that

"every person who shall by himself or agent, print, vend, exhibit or circulate any obscene book, pamphlet, print or picture, shall, upon conviction, be fined not exceeding \$500; and if the exhibition be made to a female, imprisonment, not exceeding three months, may be added."—It is satisfactory to learn from the Italian papers that the reports from the principal silk-growing centres in that country are, on the whole, favorable. With few exceptions, however, a good yield is only obtained from worms proceeding from Japanese eggs. Attempts are still being made to naturalize that variety of the Japanese worm which feeds upon the oak leaf instead of on that of the mulberry; but, hitherto, without any great success. Many growers attribute this to the circumstance that the breeding in Japan is carried on in the open air, whereas in Italy it takes place in close rooms. The Japanese worms differ greatly in appearance from the ordinary European silkworm, being of a brilliant grass-green color, with projecting glossy white spots, greatly resembling pearls, on their sides.—Of the 816,562 inhabitants of Bombay, 61,994 belong to the non-flesh-eating castes; and while the general mortality amounts to 1.89 per cent., the mortality among them is 2.05 per cent., and this, although they belong to the higher orders of society. Considering that the vegetarian castes of India are as criminal as any others; that the Burmese, who reverence all life, are remarkable for the number of murders they commit; and that abstinence from flesh increases the death-rate by 16 per cent., the vegetarians must be rather at a loss for an argument.—Count von Bismarck has received unlimited leave of absence, and intends, it is said, to remain three months away from Berlin. He is to receive no dispatches, write no letters, and transact no business. A French paper declares that he is suffering from delirium tremens, produced by a habit of swallowing small doses of brandy; but the truth seems to be that the count has been liable of late to attacks of nervous prostration, which, in a less powerful frame, would threaten either paralysis or disease of the heart.

SIR JAMES BROOKE, better known as the "Rajah Brooke," of Borneo, died lately in England, his dream of conquering the island and converting it into an English Java unfulfilled. Worse men and feebler have ere this been laid in Westminster Abbey, but we suppose no claim will be made for the last Englishman who has waged and won a private war.

THEATRICAL NOTES.

We can find little or nothing new which we may say of any variation, for the better or the worse, in matters and things theatrical, during the past week. As is the common custom with the New York drama during the summer months, change has been rare, and criticism is expected to attend to its own business, or rather to its own idleness. The metropolitans who have the means have abandoned the heated streets of the city, and fled to the rivers, the lakes, or the ocean. The visitors are the only patrons of the theatres. As these are upon their way through the city, and are changing from day to day, there is little necessity for that lively variety to which we become accustomed during the winter months.

Mr. Augustin Daly's "Flash of Lightning" is still drawing crowded houses at the Broadway Theatre, and will probably continue to draw them during the whole summer, allowing the lessee to recline "under the shadow of his own vine and fig-tree," out of the city, until the heated term is over.

At Niblo's Garden "The White Fawn" is still lingering on in the pleasant agony of its numerous last nights, ere it is to be replaced by Bateman's Operatic Troupe, with the renewal of the "Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein."

"Humpty Dumpty" still occupies the bills of the Olympic.

The New York Theatre, which, with a praiseworthy pertinacity, continues to announce itself as the "coolest theatre in the city," offers to the public the Wrentham Sisters in their adaptation of the "Grand Duchess."

We have at Wallack's, John Brougham's last success, the "Lottery of Life," which is nightly thronged, and bids fair to enjoy the most successful run of any piece which has been produced during the present season.

Bryan's "Flash of Jersey Lightning" promises to enjoy as long a life as Mr. Daly's play.

The week was announced as Mr. Eddy's "last" at the Stadt Theatre, but we go to press too early to be certain of the fact.

Miss Fanny Herring and Mr. Frank Mordaunt have appeared on the classic boards of the "old" Bowery.

Theodore Thomas and his Orchestra daily draw the thronging-at-home and visitors of our city to the Central Park Garden.

At the Terrace Garden, Carl Bergmann is also giving a series of daily Garden Concerts. Each of them, curiously enough, persists in announcing "no postponement on account of the weather."

By the steamship *Pereire*, which landed its artistic freight on Tuesday last, came the following members of Mr. Bateman's new company: Mlle. Marie Irma, first soprano; Jeanne Duclos, soprano; Henrietta Rose, second soprano; Laurella, Lemoine, Sonati, and Deschamps, sopranos; Messrs. Anje, Dardignac, and Guidon, tenors; M. Daron, regisseur; M. Francis, baritone; and M. Demery, chef d'orchestra. Mlle. Irma, the prima donna, is said to be a charming woman as well as a delightful vocalist. Time will settle the truth of each section of this rumor.

ART GOSSIP.

MANY of the best "bits" picked up by artists who make sketching-tours in the countries of Europe, have for their principal objects the ivy-mantled gables or buttresses of some of those crumbling, picturesque ruins that abound in the Eastern hemisphere. In a comparatively new country like this, we are not so fortunate as to possess any relics of an architecture that may be called ancient. At Newport, Rhode Island, there is, indeed, a mysterious old mill that seems to have baffled the investigations of the local antiquaries, and has furnished many a wandering artist with a subject for his pencil—"only this, and nothing more." It seems to have occurred first, then, to that clever and versatile artist, Mrs. Grestor, that ruins containing an element of the picturesque, though without having any claims to antiquity, might be discovered by energetic explorers of these United States, nay, even upon the Island of Manhattan, and in the very heart of the great city that is fast spreading its fostering wings over that river-girt and populous delta. The lady to whom we refer has the gift of seeing objects in that poetical

glamour which casts a spell about things that to the eye of the ordinary observer might appear commonplace, if not mean. Thus she has determined that a church, or a block of ordinary houses, may, when in process of demolition, and under certain phases of atmospheric effect, offer to the artist an excellent subject for picturesque representation. And Mrs. Grestor is right. Several months ago, when the buildings on Fourth Avenue, where the eastern section of Mr. A. T. Stewart's great dry-goods emporium now rears its head, were in a state of partial demolition, the effect produced by them in clear moonlight was not unlike that of the famous Coliseum at Rome. The Church of the Puritans in Union square offered, for some time during the spring, a remarkably picturesque and beautiful mass of ruins, whether seen at sunrise, late in the afternoon, or with the rising moon shining through its tall pointed windows. This object was selected by Mrs. Grestor as the first of a series of "Ruins in and about New York," and while it was yet in its most picturesque stage of dilapidation, she seized on and fixed its points in one of those delicate, yet forcible pen-sketches, by which she has well earned her reputation as an artist under whose hand that which may not be important in itself assumes a value and becomes transmuted into finer metal. The writer of these lines had often paused to view the varied effects of light and shade on the building in question, and he can say that, in the sketch of it so deftly executed by Mrs. Grestor, the best of these effects have been reproduced with exquisite truth and feeling. It has been objected to by some that this drawing is idealized to excess; but it is in this very idealization that the mind to appreciate and grasp the varying phases of objects is to be discerned. We shall look with much interest for further development from the pencil of Mrs. Grestor of such elements of the picturesque as we may haply have in our midst without being aware of it.

Mr. Augero, to whose able sketches, seen by us when visiting his studio some time since, we have heretofore referred in the *Illustrated Newspaper*, is now engaged upon a pictorial drop-scene for Pike's Opera House. The landing of Columbus in America is the subject selected by the artist for his composition, which is of a very striking and varied character. It will shortly be completed and exhibited to members of the press and critics, and we shall then take an opportunity of referring to it more fully in these columns.

BOOK NOTICE.

CARBON or permanent photographic-printing is fast becoming the rule among operators. People dislike the revelation that the pictures of themselves and their friends, printed by the ordinary process, are as evanescent as the dew, differing in time only. Hence they demand "permanent" photographs. Another manual for the "Carbon Process," by A. J. Drummond, a practical operator, has been issued by Joseph H. Ludd, publisher of *Humphrey's Journal of Photography*, in this city. It is compact and intelligible.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

THE state of affairs here remains much the same, although some progress continues to be made toward the preparations for the elections, by the introduction and passing of preliminary bills, such as the Scotch Reform and Boundary Bills. The object of these bills is of course to limit the suffrage, or direct it in such a manner as to strengthen the Conservatives at the forthcoming general election. There is, however, a vast deal of routine business to be done before that can come off, so that neither side is in any hurry for a dissolution. One or two matters of weight have been decided, and others proposed; the most important of which is that of abolishing the sale of commissions in the army. This system of promotion by the juniors purchasing the appointment of and from their predecessors, has grown into a serious nuisance, but has its merits, as rendering the army not the mere blind tool of the commander-in-chief. The introducer of this motion in the Commons unconsciously stated its chief merit when he stated that the officers "did not consider themselves the salaried servants of the Crown." But it has led to great abuses, stops the promotion of poor and meritorious officers, and often plants an imbecile at the head of a regiment, for the system does not extend beyond Lieutenant Colonel, all higher grades being bestowed by the Crown. An officer often invests \$50,000 before he reaches that grade.

In the Artillery and Engineers there is no purchase, and the officers rise by seniority, but this system is found slow. The French system is considered the best, as one-third of the officers rise by seniority, another third are elected, and the residue selected by the Government, so that each officer has a chance of promotion.

There is little chance of any reform at present, as it would cost \$50,000,000 to extinguish the vested interests, which it is said might have been done during the Crimean war for \$10,000,000, when sixty-five cornices were for sale and found no purchasers.

In the meantime, the "plutocracy" will officer the army and mount guard in times of peace. The aristocracy keep up the system, and it is supported by the Crown, as represented by the commander-in-chief, who seems likely, if the present government keeps in, by the introduction of the military element into the civil administration of the War Office, to get the War Minister under his heels. Perhaps, in the next Parliament, the Commons may have a select committee on the subject, but they seem as little able to comprehend as to control the situation.

Governor Eyre has finally got off the bill of indictment having been ignored by the Grand Jury, and the Judge Blackburn having charged in the wrong direction, which has called forth the ire of Cockburn, the Chief Justice. The Bench of Judges, it appears, agreed that Eyre's taking of Gordon from a non-proclaimed district, and sending him to a proclaimed one, to be tried by a drum-head court-martial, was "illegal and indefensible." The question of martial law, by which is meant the application of military law to civilians in times of rebellion or public disturbance, was left intact. Now this question touches all civilians, and is a most important political one, because, if the unarmed civilian is not safe, and if, although innocent, he is still as responsible as if guilty, the conclusion is obvious. To proclaim martial law, and to announce that no man is safe, is to invite universal rebellion. From the very facts, it will be seen what strides the military element is making here, and what dangerous doctrines are propounded under the name of public order. The Conservatives are in high glee at this slip of the law, as, in case of necessity, their political opponents might burn their fingers—not that there is any prospect of martial law here, where all is quiet and untroubled, except by an occasional personal fracas, to wake the drowsiness of the Commons.

The Edmunds scandal has ended by the justification of Edmunds, who only mistook the ambiguous language of an Act of Parliament in his own favor. He was the nominee of Brougham, and elected by Westbury to make way for his son. There was no slight scandal about it at the time, but the legal profession knew how to whitewash their soiled crowns, who come out like milk-white doves from the process. In the meanwhile Edmunds has lost place and pension.

A curious case has come before the courts, showing the weakness of brains in rich widows, and is a good pendant for the Lyons and Home Spiritualistic *gossip*, where the good dame was persuaded by a medium to endow her adopted spiritual son with \$150,000, which the court made him return. It is the case of a female, named Borradale, whom Madame Rachel, alias Lever-

son, undertook to make "beautiful for ever," and sent in her little bill of \$5,000 for the cosmetics and drugs. Rachel is a celebrated hand at enameling and improving the fading charms of women who are "fair, fat and forty," and many dames have been "Rachellized" for polite society at a costly price. Rachel also pretended to have found her a "lord" for her husband, and the enamored lord, under the name of "William," wrote such letters as a lady might have indited to a lady's maid. The whole affair turned out, of course, a hoax, and the real live lord, who was no other than the celebrated Lord Ranelagh, made his appearance in court, and denounced in vigorous terms the nefarious scheme, and denied that he had ever seen Borradale except at a lawyer's office. Rachel, it appears, keeps a bath of beauty, and here, while her Dianas dip in the crystal element, impertinent Actons peep through slits in the wall, and are neither turned into stage or devoured by the puppies around them. This almost reminds one of the "traveling plums," or "personal baggage" of the traveling Frenchman, consisting of a shirt to cover his own nakedness and a gimlet to spy out his neighbors', provided with which, and what he stands in, he is supposed to be ready for a flit all over the planet.

The Irish Church question does not make much progress, and the Commons rejected the disendowment of Maynooth when brought before them.

The Abyssinian captives are expected, as also the trophies of the war, consisting of the crown, silver shield and great seal of Theodore. What the crown and shield may be, it is not known, but the seal is said to have been made by Longman, of Piccadilly. A portrait of the dead monarch has appeared; it is rather ghastly, with one eye open.

The Russians are making rapid progress in Central Asia, and have conquered Bokhara. The Governor-General remains in a state of masterly inaction, and Indian politicians show a philosophical indifference to the progress of Russia in the East. By the time she has reached Herat, their eyes will no doubt be "scaled." In the interval, leaders in the Times call the public to sleep on the future danger of the empire from the advance of the Sclaves and Tartars. More than all, the mutiny of the Sepoys paved the way for future trouble, whenever a powerful and hostile neighbor touched the frontiers. There are no physical difficulties, only moral ones, in the way.

The diggings of the Palestine Excavation Fund have been exhibited, and are of some interest, as showing that, archeologically, the Jews are nowhere. At Jericho, Ophel, and Jerusalem, Lieutenant Warren has dug deep, and brought to the surface whatever is to be found. These objects consist of a few Egyptian, one possibly Phœnician, and the rest Greek, Roman, and Christian antiquities, but not a scrap of anything Jewish. This remarkable nation seems to have slidden out of existence without leaving anything tangible behind them. But what has become of their brazen objects, engraved stones, and the usual kind of ancient indestructibles which survive foreign conquests, wholesale plunder, and blazing cities, no one can tell. In some instances, Warren dived seventy feet below the surface, and swept the bare rocks, but nothing Jewish has turned up. Had they only scratched a few words on their pots and pans, there would have been something to swear by, but not a word has been left behind, on stone or brass. Some important facts have, however, been gained for the topography of Jerusalem, the ideas about which are hazy.

The National Democratic Convention, New York City, July 4th, 1868.

MANY circumstances combined to enhance the eclat and excitement attendant on the assembling of the National Democratic Convention in New York City on the Fourth of July. The selection of Independence Day and of the metropolis as the time and the place for the Convention to meet was well calculated to improve the telling features of this political demonstration. The party was fortunate even in the choice of the edifice in which to inaugurate their regular partisan movement in the campaign; for the new structure dedicated to the service of old Tammany is certainly, in an architectural point of view, something of which the Democracy of this city have the right to be proud.

Besides, the suspense and anxiety in regard to the choice of the Democratic Candidate for the Presidency were greater than in the case of the Republican Convention at Chicago; for the action of that body was in a measure anticipated by the popular sentiment, and it was a foregone conclusion that General Grant would be the Republican nominee; while the Democrats were divided in their preferences, and till the last moment it was doubtful into whose hands they would give their standard for the struggle.

Thus it was that, for several days previous to the opening of the Convention, the utmost excitement prevailed in the city of New York, and the comparative merits and chances of the several aspirants to the honor of nomination were the theme of general comment and speculation.

The Fourth of July was ushered in by a sun like that of Austerlitz—though somewhat more ardent than the oft apostrophized luminary of that occasion. Never before had so many strangers congregated in the metropolis. But the great city was equal to the emergency, and, comfortably or otherwise, the extra thousands were stowed away. Tammany Hall, within and without, was decorated with taste and splendor. Before our paper goes into the hands of its readers, the details of this important partisan event will have been given to the public; but to those who were not present to feast their eyes upon the grand demonstration and its show of bunting, transparencies, and floral decorations, our pictures will be most acceptable. The engraving on our front page accurately represents the exterior of Tammany Hall and the Triumphal Arch that spans the street. The view includes the procession of the Metropolitan Democratic Club as they marched up Fourth street, on the morning of the glorious Fourth. Our full page engraving illustrates the scene in the Grand Hall of the Tammany Building, when George H. Pendleton, of Ohio, was proposed for nomination as the Democratic Candidate for the Presidency. The names of the several candidates proposed were received with warm applause, but as Mr. Pendleton's friends seemed to be particularly demonstrative and enthusiastic, we identify our picture with his name for the simple purpose of giving it a lively artistic effect.

The closing scenes of the Convention of course come too late for illustration in this number of our paper, but enough is given in our pages to furnish a valuable and interesting pictorial record of a political assemblage attended with unusual excitement and display, and certainly associated with a very important crisis in our national history.

Our next number will contain magnificent portraits of the Candidates of the Democratic party for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency.

Arnold's Flight from West Point.

PROFESSOR COPPER, in his recent address to the graduating class at West Point, related certain details connected with the treason of Benedict Arnold, that are not generally given in the history of that shameful episode in our national history.

On the 23d of September, 1780, General Arnold returned from his interview with Major Andre, at and near the house of Joshua Heist Smith, to Beverly, and then made all the preliminary arrangements for the

surrender of this post, but without, as far as is known taking any one into his confidence. On the 24th, the British were to come up the river and take West Point. This was well-timed, as Washington was not expected to return from Hartford until the 26th. Most unexpectedly, however, he changed his plans and returned through Dutchess County to Fishkill on the 24th. He staid that night with the French ambassador, who was there, and in happy ignorance of the snaky treason, whose final coil was being wound; he took saddle before dawn of the 25th, in order to reach General Arnold's headquarters in time to breakfast with the General and Mrs. Arnold, and then to inspect the works at West Point. Some soldiers had gone before with Washington's baggage, to announce his purpose to Arnold; but as he approached Arnold's house, he turned off toward the river. Lafayette, who was riding with him, exclaimed:

"General, that is the wrong way; you know Mrs. Arnold is waiting for us."

Washington replied, in a pleasant way: "All the young men are in love with Mrs. Arnold," and added, "Go and take your breakfast, and tell Mrs. Arnold not to wait for me; that I will be there by-and-by."

So the staff went to Arnold's house and took breakfast, the countenance of the host, cold-blooded as was the man, being unable to conceal his secret trouble and misgivings.

The British had not come, and there were no tidings. Washington had arrived two days sooner than he was expected. While at breakfast, Lieutenant Allen, of Arnold's command, came in with a letter. It was from below. He tore it open, expecting to read news of the enemy's movement up the river. Horror and astonishment! the tidings were from Major Jameson, that Major Andre was in his hands, a prisoner as a spy. Leaping from his seat, he announced to his guests that an urgent message called for his presence at West Point; and he left that as a message, should General Washington arrive before his return; he would return, he said as soon as possible. He then went to his wife's room, and sent for her. In a few words he announced the necessity of going at once to the British lines. Leaving her in a swoon on the floor, he rushed out, mounted one of the horses of Washington's cavalcade in waiting at the door, galloped down a steep pathway to Beverly dock, got into his six-oared barge, and ordered the oarsmen to pull with a will for Teller's Point, promising them an extra ration of rum and a reward in money, and telling them that he was hurrying that he might transact his business there and return without delay to meet General Washington.

As they passed Teller's Point, and neared the Vulture man-of-war, he spread his white handkerchief as a flag of truce, and reached the British ship, a traitor, in safety—a villain under protection which could not fall. It was a race for life, and he won it. Just after Arnold's flight Washington arrived at Beverly. On being told that Arnold had gone to West Point, he took a hasty breakfast, and hurried over to meet him there. As the boat approached the landing, Washington was surprised that there was no salute, and no guard had turned out to receive him. Indeed, the commanding officer, Colonel Lamb, of the artillery, was leisurely strolling down the path as the barge landed. Confused when he saw the General-in-Chief, he stammered out:

"Had I any idea your Excellency was coming, I would have given you a proper reception."

"Sir," exclaimed Washington, "is not General Arnold here?"

"No, sir. He has not been here these two days, and I have not heard from him in that time."

Astonished, and recurring to his old suspicions, Washington inspected the works, and returned about noon to Arnold's house. There Hamilton met him with the proofs of the treason—all the papers taken in Andre's boat, which had by this time arrived. The messenger had arrived just four hours after Arnold's escape. Looking around him, he turned to Knox and Lafayette, and said, in a solemn, almost heart-broken manner:

"Whom can we trust now!"

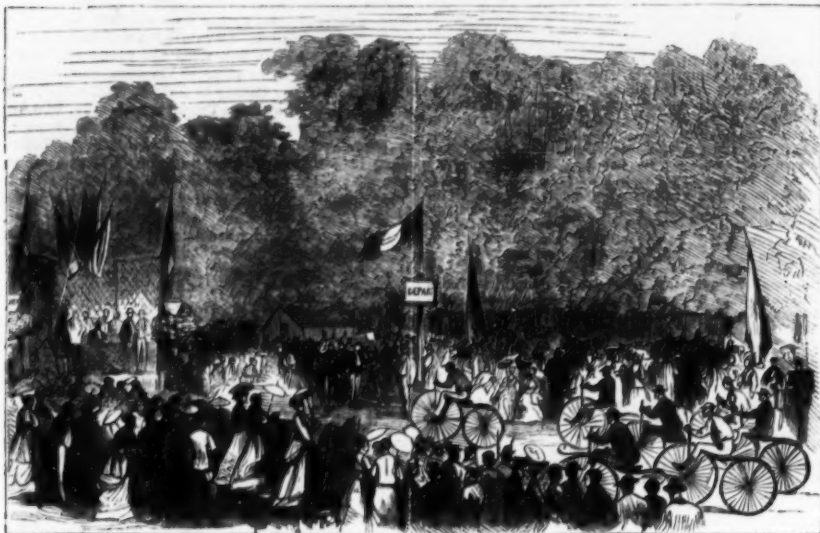
THE FLYING MAN.

At the recent meeting of the Aeronautical Society, in London, it was announced by Mr. Wenham that Mr. Spencer, a member of the society, had already constructed an apparatus, by the aid of which he had accomplished the feat of raising himself from the ground level and performing a horizontal flight of sixty feet; and it was further stated by Mr. Wenham that Mr. Spencer expected to fly the length of the Crystal Palace during the meeting of the Aeronautical Society, to be held there next month. Since the above announcement was made, we have received from Mr. Spencer some particulars of the apparatus employed by him. It consists of a pair of wings of rather small size, arranged so that they can be worked by the arms, and a large fan-shaped tail of very light construction, connected to the body by basket-work, so that it stands at an angle of about three degrees with the horizontal. Mr. Spencer does not profess to fly, in the ordinary sense of the word. He uses his apparatus by taking a short, quick run, this run being continued until, by pressure of the air against the lower surface of the tail, he is raised from the ground. He then, by using the wings, maintains the momentum which he has acquired, as long as possible, and is thus enabled to skim along at a short distance above the ground. Mr. S. commenced his operations by practicing long jumps without the aid of apparatus, and he then commenced using the wings, and finally added the tail. By continued practice, and from time to time making alterations in the apparatus, Mr. Spencer has been enabled to extend considerably his early flights or "skims." Mr. Spencer is now engaged in completing a new apparatus, which he hopes to finish in time for the exhibition of the Aeronautical Society at the Crystal Palace, and we look forward with some interest to witness its performance.

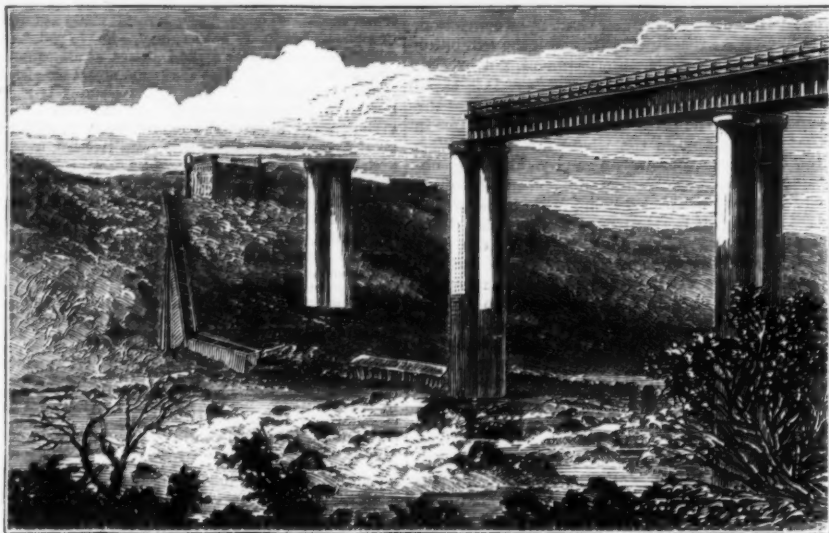
THE LAST MOMENTS OF KING THEODORUS.

Theodorus did not commit suicide. Having witnessed the destruction of his army, and having searched death in vain amid ball and shell, when he saw the head of the enemy's column crown the breach, he understood that his last hour was come; he saw that resistance was impossible, and that he was about to be made prisoner. This reflection made him roar. If the English captives had been still in his power, their death would have been certain. In a fit of fury, or rather madness, he ordered their extermination, forgetting that they were free in the English camp. On seeing his power fleet from him with the blood of his soldiers, contemplating his empire destroyed, his dynasty overturned, his reign finished, two streams of tears coursed down his cheeks; the muscles of his face and chest were contracted with pain, and his limbs writhed in mute despair. His bitter sufferings should atone for many of his crimes. Two balancheras, pistol in hand, stood silently waiting his order. He gave his will to Engheddo. Crossing his arms over his breast, he prayed; then, with a hollow voice, he repeated several times, "Ethiopia! Ethiopia! my wife! my children!" The gate, trembling under the blows of the assailants, was giving way. Proudly raising his head, Theodorus drew his sword to perish like a European. "In the bosom of the Trinity!" said he to the balancheras. "Fire!" They both aimed at his head, but Engheddo's courage failed, and his arms fell inert. Alone alone obeyed, and his bullet broke the skull of Africa's bravest warrior. The balancheras remained by the body of their master expecting death. At this moment the gate was broken in, and the English soldiers, drunk with blood and carnage, rushed forward. Engheddo showed them the lifeless body of Theodorus. At this sight the soldiers, stupefied, let fall their arms, and the two guards were saved.

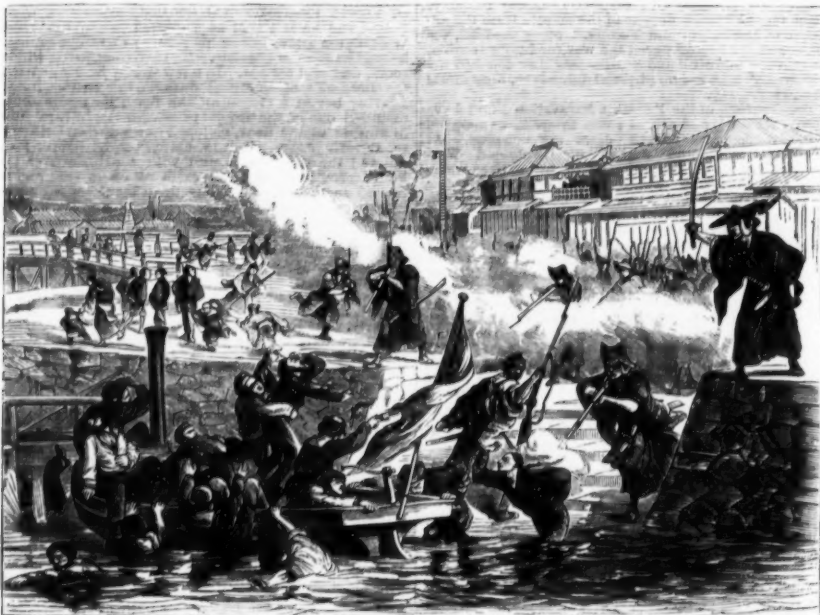
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 279.



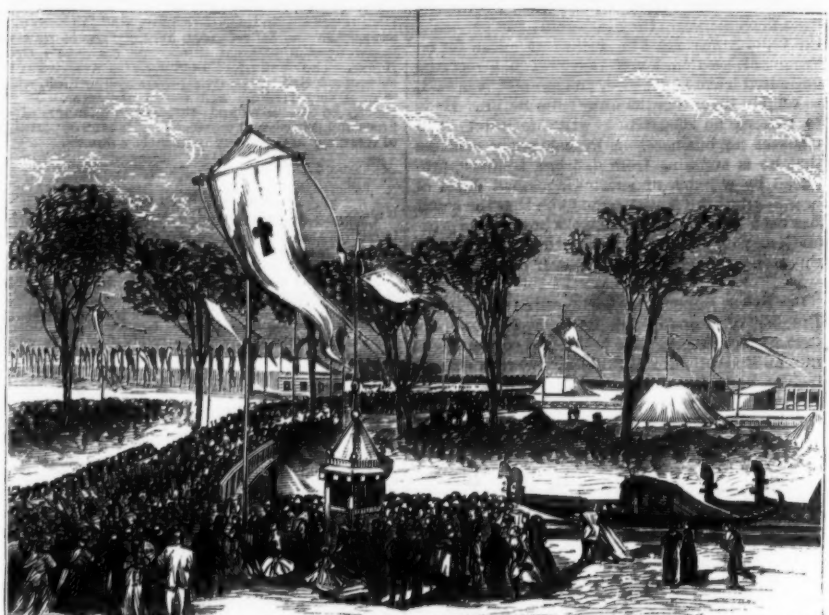
VELOCIPEDE RACES AT ST. CLOUD, FRANCE.



THE GRAND RIVER RAILWAY BRIDGE AT MAURITIUS, DESTROYED BY A HURRICANE.



ASSASSINATION OF FRENCH SAILORS BY JAPANESE SOLDIERS, NEAR OSAKA.



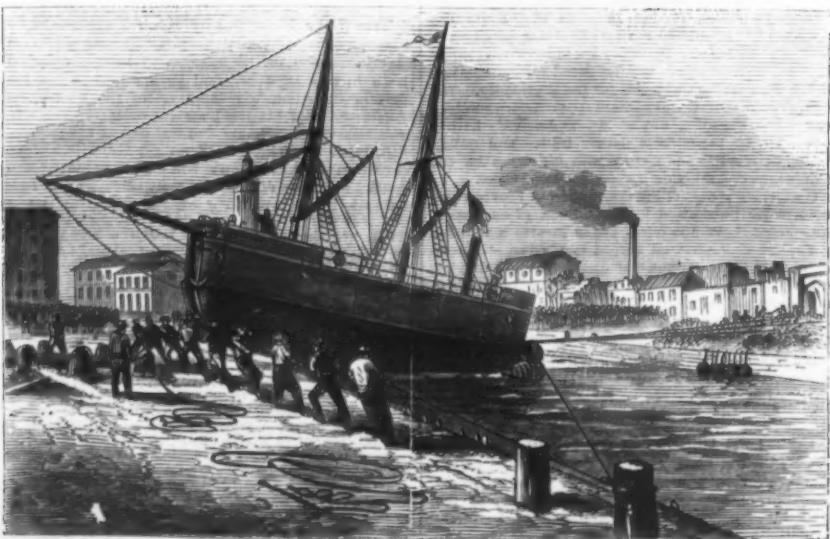
INAUGURATION OF THE ITALIAN SHOOTING FESTIVAL AT VENICE.



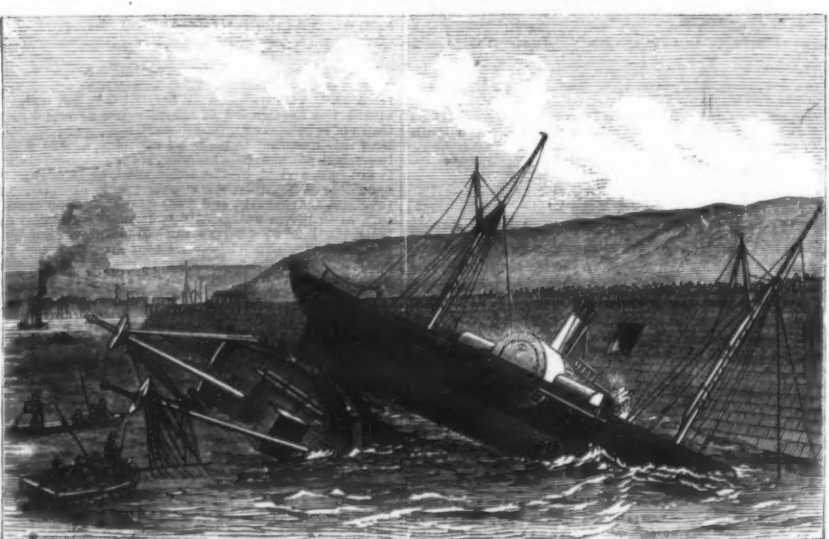
THE DESTRUCTION OF MAGDALA, ABYSSINIA.



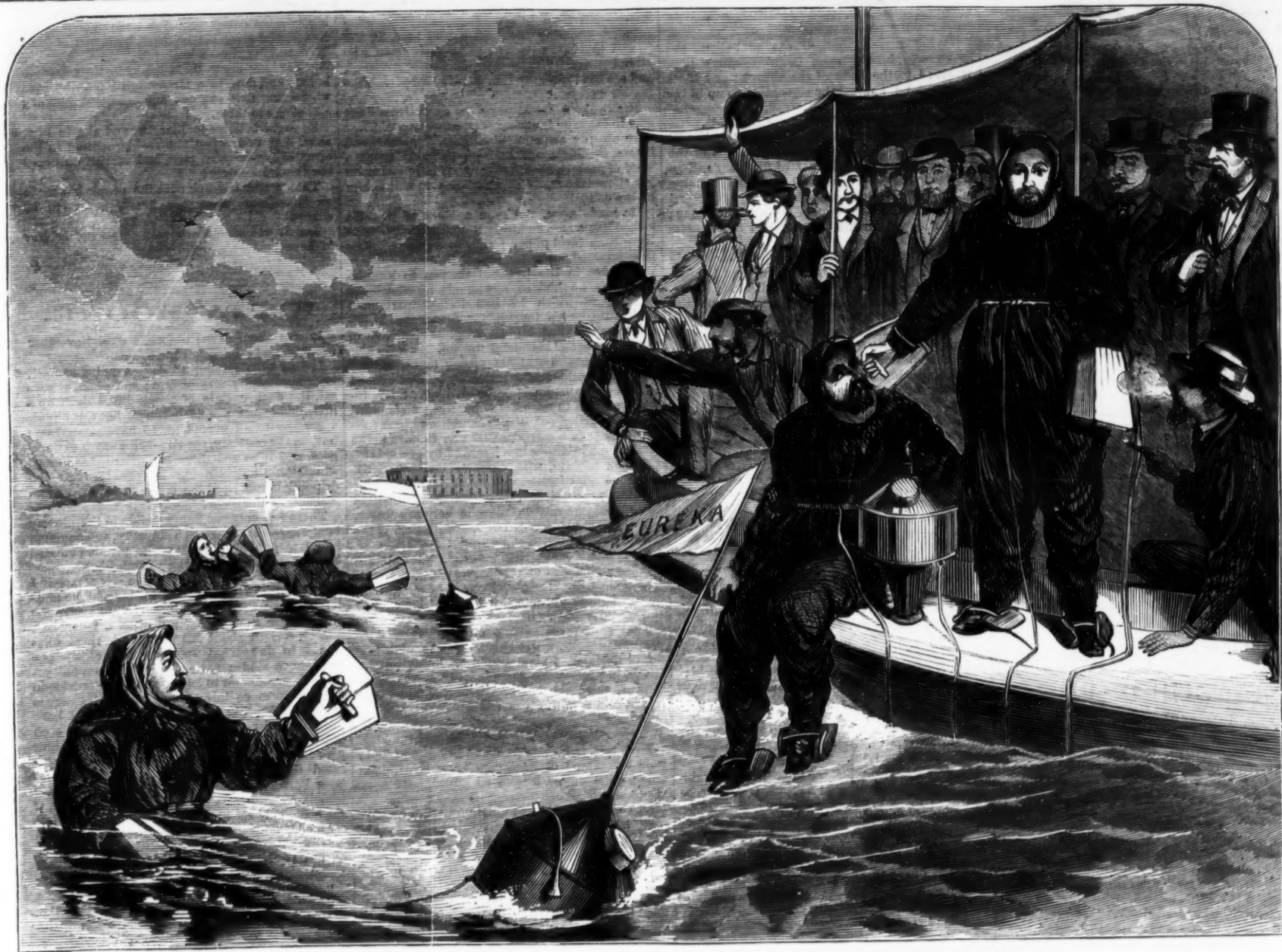
THE EXODUS OF THE BROKEN ARMY OF THEODORUS.



LAUNCH OF A WRECKING SHIP IN THE CANAL OF LA VILLETTE, FRANCE.



WRECK OF A BRIG AND STEAMER, IN THE HARBOR OF BOULOGNE, FRANCE.



EXPERIMENTS WITH THE PATENT NATIONAL LIFE SAVING APPARATUS, IN NEW YORK HARBOR.—SEE PAGE 279.



THE PENITENTIAL PROCESSION, IN DEPRECATION OF YELLOW FEVER AT CALLAO, PERU.—SEE PAGE 279.

DROWNED.

SHIPS are tossing at sea,
And ships sail in to the windy cliffs of the shore;
But the ship that is dearest to me,
Will never come in with the tide—
Will ripple the bay no more,
Riding in with the tide.

Under the froth of the foam,
And the yeasty surge and the shuddering gusts
Of rain,
Lies the lad who will never come home,
His white face hid in the sand:
He neither has care nor pain
Under the sea-weed and sand.

Down by the reefs and the shells,
Far down by the channels that furrow the dolorous deep,
Where the torn sails rise with the swells
And swing in the pulse of the sea,
He is only sleeping a sleep,
Down in the sorrowful sea.

Above him the wrack and the drift,
The red-lit east, and the dark, sad glow in the west,
The currents that change and shift,
And the rain-blown face of the storm:
There is nothing but silence and rest
Under the beat of the storm.

Tangled in rigging and ropes,
And fenced by the wreck of spar and the ruin of mast,
The purple sea-plant gropes
And wanders over my dead:
He shall waken and rise at last
When the sea gives up its dead.

So in the dark and the dawn,
In the gloom of keels and the shadow of home-bound ships,
My mariner slumbers on,
While I am awake and forlorn,
With a weary song on my lips
Out of my heart forlorn.

THE CHILD WIFE:

A Tale of the Two Worlds.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

CHAPTER LXXXV.—THE MEET AT CHURCH.

FOR Maynard a happy morn!
It was that of the day on which Blanche Vernon was to become his bride!

His presentiment was upon the point of being fulfilled: the child was to be his wife!
Not by abduction—not by clandestine marriage; but openly, in the face of the world, and with the consent of her father!

Sir George had conceded—arranged everything—even to the details of the marriage ceremony.
It was to be soon—at once.

Before dying he desired to see his daughter bestowed and under protection.
If he had not chosen the arms that were to protect her, he no longer opposed her choice.

He had now sanctified by a free formal approval; and his future son-in-law was no more a stranger-guest in the mansion at Seven Oaks, Kent.

The nuptials were not to be celebrated there. Not that Sir George would have felt any shame in such celebrity; but because he did not deem it opportune.

He knew that ere long sable plumes would be seen waving there, with a black hatchment upon the wall. He wished not that those funeral emblems should so soon fling their blighting shadow over the orange-blossoms of the bridal.

It could be conveniently avoided. He had a sister living in Kensington Gore; and from her home his daughter might be married.

Besides, the old Parish Church of Kensington was that before whose altar he had stood some twenty years ago, with Blanche's mother by his side.

The arrangement would be altogether appropriate.

It was determined upon; and Captain Maynard was requested to present himself upon a certain day, at a certain hour, in the church of St. Mary's, Kensington.

He came, accompanied by Count Charles Telekey; and there met his bride, attended by her maids.

They were not many, for Blanche had expressed a desire to shun ostentation. She only wanted to be wed to the man who had won her heart!

But few as were her veiled companions, they were among the noblest of the land, each of them bearing a title.

And they were of its loveliest too: every one of them entitled to the appellation of "belle."

The bridegroom saw them not. Having saluted each with a simple bow, his eyes became bent upon his bride; and there staid they.

No colors blend more harmoniously than those of the sunbeam and the rose, and none grace the bridal veil more becomingly.

Blanche Vernon needed not to blush. She had color enough without that.

But as her gaze met his, and his voice, like the challenge to some beleaguered citadel, seemed to sound the death-knell of her maiden days, she felt a strange sweet trembling in her heart, while the tint deepened upon her cheeks.

She was but too happy to surrender!

Never in Maynard's eyes had she looked so lovely. He stood as if spell-bound, gazing upon the beauty, with but one thought in his mind—a longing to embrace her!

It was not pleasant to have this thought interrupted; as it was, by the verging touching him on the arm, and whispering a summons to repair to the vestry. And there too, irksome was the task of making those abominable entries, about age, name, country and calling; so much out of place and keeping with the time: repulsive to the spirit of both!

But the incongruity had to be endured. However uncongenial in Hymen's court, it was required by the laws of the land.

Having passed through the probation, the bridegroom, leaning upon Count Telekey's arm, returned to the body of the church; and there taking stand, awaited the signal to step up to the altar.

A little apart stood the party of the bride.

He who has worshiped only in churches of modern structure, can have but little idea of the interior of one such as that of St. Mary's, Kensington. Its deep pews, and heavy overhanging galleries, its shadowy aisles flanked by pillars and pilasters, make it the type of the sacred antique; and on Maynard's mind it produced this impression.

And he thought of the thousands of thousands who had worshiped within its walls, of knights and noble dames, who had knelt before its altar, and whose escutcheons were recorded in the stained glass of its windows, and in brass palimpsests set in the flags beneath its feet!

How suggestive these records of high chivalric thoughts penetrating the far past; and flinging their mystic influence over the present.

It was upon Maynard, as he stood regarding them.

CHAPTER LXXXVI.—THE CLIMAX OF A CRIMINAL SCHEME.

DESPITE the archeological attractions of St. Mary's Church, the bridegroom began to grow impatient. With such a bride before him, no wonder he wished quick conduct to the altar!

And there was reason, too, on account of the long delay. At such a crisis, the shortest is difficult to be endured!

It mattered but little that he knew the cause, for he did know it.

Summoned at eleven o'clock, he had been there at the appointed time, but to find that he and his bride were not the only couple to be made happy on that same day, and at the same hour!

There was a party that had precedence of his! On first coming into the church, he had seen signs of it; women in white dresses and drooping veils, with flower fillets upon their hair!

He had only glanced at them, in passing. His own bride was not among them! and his eyes were only for her!

While registering his name in the vestry, he had learnt incidentally that not one, but two couples were to be married before him, both together! He was told that the parties were friends.

This information was imparted by the officiating curate; who after giving it hurried off to perform the ceremony of making four hearts happy at one and the same time.

As Maynard and his groomsmen returned into the church, they saw standing before the altar, in crescent shape, a row of ladies and gentlemen. There were in all eight of them—two brides—two bridegrooms, with a like number of "maids" and "men."

It was only after again saluting his own bride, and feasting his eyes upon her beauty, that it occurred to him to take a look at those whose happiness by some ten minutes was to take precedence of his.

His first glance caused him a singular impression. It was almost ludicrous from the coincidence that declared itself.

Count Roseveltd was standing before the shrine, with Ladislaus Telekey by his side, at the same instant recognized by the man at Maynard's side—his cousin!

But who was the lady on Roseveltd's left, holding him by the hand?

Cornelia Inskip!

Another coincidence!

Still another was in store for him! equally strange, and far more startling!

Following the crescent curvature, he scrutinized the couple on Count Roseveltd's right. They were the two standing up to be married.

It was with difficulty he could restrain an ejaculation on recognizing Julia Girdwood as the bride, and Richard Swinton, the bridegroom!

With an effort, he controlled himself. It was no business of his; and he only made the muttered remarks:

"Poor girl! There's something noble about her. What a pity she should throw herself away on such a scamp as Dick Swinton!"

Maynard knew only some of Dick Swinton's antecedents.

He had no suspicion that the ex-guardsman was at that moment in the act of committing bigamy!

It had not yet reached fulfillment. It was upon the verge of it.

As Maynard stood in speechless contemplation, the clergyman came to that solemn question, proceeding from his lips in the form of a demand:

"I require and charge ye both * * * if either of you know any impediment, why ye may not be lawfully joined together in matrimony, ye do now confess it."

There was the usual interval of silence; but not so long as is usual.

It was shortened by a response, a thing altogether unusual!

It came not, from either bride or bridegroom, but from a third party who suddenly appeared upon the scene.

A woman, young and beautiful—well-dressed, but with a wild look in her eye, and anger in her every movement—shot out from behind one of the supporting columns, and hastily approached the altar!

She was followed by two men, who appeared to act under her orders.

"If they don't know an impediment, I do," cried she; "one that will hinder them from being joined in matrimony. I mean these two!" she added, pointing to Swinton and Julia.

"On what ground do you interfere?" gasped the clergyman, as soon as he had recovered from the shock of surprise. "Speak, woman!"

"On the ground that this man is married

already. He is my husband, and would have been my murderer, but for— Here, men!" she commanded, dropping the explanatory tone, as she turned to the two plain-clothes policemen who attended her. "Take this gentleman in charge, and see that you keep him in safe custody. This is your warrant."

The two representatives of the executive did not stay to examine the piece of stamped paper. They were already acquainted with its character, and before the bigamous bridegroom could speak a word of protest, their horny hands were laid upon his shoulder—ready at resistance to clutch him by the collar!

He made none, not even a show of it. He looked like a man suddenly thunderstruck—trembling from head to foot; and, so trembling, was he conducted out of the church!

It is not in the power of the pen to describe the scene he had so unwillingly forsaken—the tableau, of which he had formed part, and broken up by his involuntary defection. It became transformed into a crowd—a confusion of talking men, and shrieking women.

Julia Girdwood was not among them. At the first interruption of the ceremony by that excited intruder, she had comprehended all. Some instinct seemed to warn her of her woe; and guided by it, she glided out of the church and took solitary shelter in a carriage that was to have borne her home a bride—with a husband by her side!

A new tableau, with characters all changed, was soon after formed in front of the altar.

It was not disturbed, till after Captain Maynard had placed the ring on Blanche Vernon's finger, saluted her as his wedded wife, and listened to the prayer that sanctified their union!

Then there was a hand-shaking all round, a kissing on the part of pretty bridesmaids, a rustling of silk dresses as they filed out of the church, a getting into grand carriages—and then off to the aunt's residence in Kensington Gore!

That same evening a gentleman traveled to Tunbridge Wells, with a lady by his side, on whose finger glittered a plain gold ring, newly put on. It was not lonely for them having a whole carriage to themselves. They were the most contented couple in the train!

CHAPTER LAST.—STILL LATER!

WITH mingled emotions do we bring our tale to a close. Some of its scenes may have given pain; while others, it is to be hoped, have been suggestive of pleasure.

And with like mingled emotions, must we part from its conspicuous characters: leaving some with regret, others with gladness.

There are those of them whose after-fate cannot fail to cause pain. Perhaps more than all, that of Julia Girdwood.

It is told in three words: a disgust with all mankind—a determination never to marry—and its consequence, a life of old-maidhood!

She still lives it; and who knows, that she may not like it? If not now, when her mother takes departure from the world, leaving her to the enjoyment of a million dollars.

But Mrs. Girdwood has not done so yet; and says she don't intend to, for a score of years to come!

She would herself get married but for that crooked clause in the deceased storekeeper's will; which is all-powerful to prevent her!

"Poor Fan Swinton!"

So a moralist might have said, who saw her, six months after, driving through the Park, with a parasol upon her whip, and a pair of high-steppers in the traces—both whip and steppers paid for by one who is not her husband.

Perhaps there were but few moralists in the Park to make the reflection!

And "Poor Dick Swinton!"

There were still fewer to say that, as the ex-guardsman stood in the dock of a criminal court, charged not only with an attempt at bigamy, but murder!

Fewer still, after both charges had been proved, and with hair close-cropped, he took forced departure for a far distant land!

The "other count" went in the same ship with him—into a little involuntary exile somewhat similar!

And the Honorable Geraldine Courtney, in a time, followed suite. She, too, losing her luxurious tresses, for having changed from the profession of "horse-coper" to the less reputable calling of coiner!

She had a long "innings," however, before it came to that: time enough to bring to ruin more than one young swell, among others, Frank Scudamore, the "spooney" of the Haymarket supper.

Sir Robert Cottrell still lives; and still continues to make grand conquests at the cheapest possible price.

And alive, too, are Messrs. Lucas and Spiller, both returned to America from their European tour, and both yet bachelors.

The former may be seen any day, sauntering along the streets of New York, and frequently flitting around that Fifth Avenue house, where dwells the disconsolate Julia.

Notwithstanding repeated repulses, he has not lost hope of consoling her—by effecting a change in her name.

His shadow, Spiller, is not so much seen along with him—especially on the pavement of the Fifth Avenue. Cornelia Inskip, the star that should have attracted him thither, is no longer there. The daughter of the Poughkeepsie retailer has long since changed, not only her name, but place of abode. She can be found in the capital of Austria, by any one inquiring for the Countess von Roseveltd.

More fortunate than her ambitious cousin, who sought a title without finding it, Cornelia found one without seeking it!

It seems like dealing out dramatic justice, but the story is true.

Not much of a tragedy, since we have but one death to record. That too, expected, though painful.

Sir George Vernon died; but not till after having seen his daughter married to the man of her choice, and given his blessing, both to the *Child Wife* and her chosen husband.

It has long made them happy in their English home; and now, in a far foreign land—the land where they first saw one another—that blessing still clings to them.

Maynard believes in Blanche, and she in him, as at that hour when she saw him lifted in the arms of big-bearded men, and carried on board the Cunard steamer!

That proud triumph over the people has made an impression upon her heart, never to be effaced!

And to win such a wife, who would not be true to the people?

END.

KITTY MOORE.

It was about seven o'clock, a chill November evening, and raining hard.

It had been raining all day—a dull, steadfast, uncompromising sort of rain; and when, at sunset, the dark curtain of clouds lifted itself up a little, disclosing a golden rim of light, it ought, according to all precedent, to have cleared up; but, on the contrary, the rim died away into darkness, and it rained more persistently than ever; while the wind, sighing heavily through the dripping branches of the trees, added to the melancholy of the scene.

There was only one figure visible in the gloomy landscape—that of Mark Telworthy, soliloquizing in no very cheerful strain as he plodded onward through rain, mist, and chilly wind.

"Wouldn't have caught me in this scrape if I hadn't thought it was going to clear up," he muttered to himself. "These short cuts across the country are the very deuce when a fellow isn't exactly certain about his way. But, then, what was I to do? That woman and her little one must have ridden somewhere, and I am not yet quite boor enough to let a woman ride outside in such a storm as this. I suppose the luggage is at Wayland by this time, and so would I have been if I hadn't lost my way sixteen times in each half hour. Soaking wet, too, with my hair plastered down to my face, and my boots saturated through and through! I wonder what Miss Forrester would think of the gay cavalier who is coming from far countries to woo her, if she could only see him now!"

An odd, saturnine kind of smile came across his face as he murmured these words, yet it was not an unattractive physiognomy—with its bronzed complexion, thick brown beard, and dark eyes.

"My old uncle is determined that I shall have a wife," went on Mark Telworthy, unconsciously following the first current of his musings, "and I suppose it may as well be Miss Dora Forrester as any one else, if she be willing. I don't really see why a man with plenty of leisure and more money than he knows what to do with shouldn't pay his tribute to society in the shape of a wedding-ring!"

Mr. Telworthy moved his dripping cloak from one shoulder to the other.

"Wet through, as I live! and the knaves called it waterproof, and made me pay waterproof price for it, and—hullo—"

Just at that moment Mr. Telworthy, momentarily heedless of his footing, missed it, and slid, slowly and surely, down into a deep, muddy ditch that sloped abruptly down from the footpath.

One instant he lay there motionless, with the rain falling into his open mouth; then he scrambled up with a lively sense of disgust.

"Fortunately no bones are broken; but, ye fates, what an awful amount of mud a fellow can contrive to appropriate when he rolls down hill! I wonder what other interesting adventure fate may have in store for me. There's a light shining in the hollow—it's just possible I may be able to dry myself in front of some hospitable blaze; here goes for trying the experiment!"

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated the Widow Meeker, as she opened the door on the dripping and doleful apparition of Mr. Telworthy; "who are you?"

"A poor traveler, madame," returned the apparition, theatrically, "who asks but temporary shelter."

"Come in, come in," said the hospitable widow. "Well, if you ain't pretty well soaked! Cicero, get up quickly and don't sit starin' into the fire as if you never seed anybody before in your life."

Cicero, a tall, raw-boned youth of seventeen years, obeyed his mother's behest as far as the "getting up" was concerned, but continued to stare at Mr. Telworthy humorously related his adventures.

"Do tell!" ejaculated the widow. "Sit down before the fire—dear me, how wet and muddy you are. You'd better stay all night—Cicero won't mind a stretch before the fire, and his bed is very comfortable."

But to this the traveler would not listen. He had set forth with the intention of reaching his original destination that night, nor did he intend to alter the programme.

"Well, anyhow, you'd better put on my old man's ginger-colored overcoat," said Mrs. Meeker. "Cicero, run and get your father's coat up in the green chest under the eaves. It's an old thing, sir, but it's warm and thick."

"So Mr. Mark Telworthy set forth from the Widow Meeker's door, in a huge overcoat of yellowish-brown cloth, patched here and there by thrifty fingers, and glistening with huge brass buttons, wherever a button could possibly be put, and carrying a green cotton umbrella—the private property of Cicero.

"Oufé, but comfortable," he muttered; "and now then for Wayland!"

Long and tedious seemed the journey ere the lights of Wayland gleamed through the wet, mist, and fog of the dismal autumn night. It was a handsome, rather ostentatious-looking house, of gray stone, with a conservatory built out on one

side, and a huge iron fence with stone pillars enclosing it; but the lights, shining brightly through drawn crimson curtains, presented a cheerful contrast to the gloom and darkness of the outer world.

"Thank goodness I am here," thought Mr. Telworthy, as he found his way through the dripping hedges and pulled the first bell he came to.

The door flew open as if by magic.

"Hullo, old fellow! You've come at last, have you?" was the noisy greeting from a stout, good-humored looking man, who dragged him hospitably in. "Wet as a drowned rat, eh? Well, there's a fire in the kitchen that would dry up the deluge itself."

Mr. Telworthy had scarcely recovered from the warmth of this salutation ere he received a slap on the back from a tall young man in his shirt-sleeves.

"I suppose we may as well be friends," said this personage as Mr. Telworthy turned rather indignantly around. "I'm the gardener."

"The gardener, eh?" said our hero, somewhat bewildered. "And who, in the name of all that's enigmatical, do you suppose I am?"

"You're Paul Peckerly, the new butler, come from York; and what's there as on you didn't come in the stage, instead of coming this kind of way, I for one can't tell."

"Oh—I'm Paul Peckerly, the butler, am I?" said Mr. Telworthy, with a grim smile, and rather disposed to humor the joke. "Well, upon my word, you read human nature pretty well."

"And here is cook," said the tall young man, introducing a pretty female, "and this is Mary Smith, the chambermaid, and Bessy, the laundress; I assure you, Mr. Peckerly, we're quite a social little family down in the kitchen here. Let me take your coat, Mr. Peckerly—pretty well drenched, eh? Oh, I beg your pardon," for at this moment he caught sight of the personage who had first admitted the stranger, and who was bowing slowly, like a machine wound up and forgotten—"this is Mr. Layard, the—the gentleman whom you are about to supersede."

"I assure you, however," began that "gentleman," "there will be no ill-feeling between us. I resigned my post voluntarily. Not but what the position has its advantages; the Forresters have a very good social standing here, and the old folks are very good; but Miss Dora's a Tartar!"

"Miss Dora's a Tartar, is she?" inquired the new arrival, with a curious contraction of his brow.

The ex-butler shook his head ominously. "You'll say so when you hear her scolding her father and mother, and kicking the cat across the floor, and threatening poor little Miss Kitty—"

"And who is Miss Kitty?"

"Well, she's a poor relation; her father was killed by a railroad accident last year, and she's livin' here and making herself generally useful. She dresses Miss Dora's hair, and arranges the flowers in the vases, and helps Bessy with the fine laces, and—well, she does a good many things. Whew! there goes the bell. I'll bet five pounds it's Miss Dora's jerk."

"I should think Miss Dora's jerk must be rather dangerous to the bell-wires, then," said Mr. Telworthy, looking up at the vibrating coils of wire above him.

"It's coals," said cook, shrewdly. "Mr. Layard, they ought to have been taken up long ago."

"Peckerly, you take 'em," said the ex-butler, shrinking from his responsibilities. "I wouldn't go before Miss Dora after that ring—no, not for a month's wages in advance!"

He thrust the scuttle into the stranger's unwilling hands and pushed him toward the door.

"Don't be afraid," said cook, encouragingly, "they know you've come. It's only up two pair of stairs and turn to the right. I'll go with you as far as the door."

Thus aided and abetted, Mr. Telworthy, ready for whatever other adventures a capricious fate might send him, seized the coal-scuttle, and, boldly run up the "two pair of stairs," knocked at the door designated by cook, and in another moment stood in the presence of the whole Forrester family.

Stood, or rather prostrated himself, for, at the instant he entered, his foot, catching in a loosely tacked place in the carpet, away he went, amid a volley of flying coals, landing on his knees.

Mr. Forrester, a mid old gentleman, with a bald forehead and spectacles, looked up from his newspaper.

"It seems to me, Peckerly, if that be your name, that you are rather awkward," he said.

"Stupid blockhead!" ejaculated a young lady, who was stretched on a sofa on the opposite side of the room. "Pick up every coal—quick; and upon the velvet carpet too, blundering idiot."

"Cousin Dora," said a soft voice from the centre-table, where a slender young girl in deep black was darning stockings from a well-filled basket, "perhaps the poor man could not help it."

"Hold your tongue, Kitty," said Miss Forrester, artily; "you're always interfering with what is no business of yours. Now, then, idiot, if you've finished, go and carry that luggage that stands in the hall to the blue-room. Kitty, go and show him where."

"My dear," meekly interposed a plump old lady, who sat before the fire, looking not unlike a magnificent Maltese cat, "perhaps the octagon room would be—"

"Nonsense, mamma," interrupted the dutiful daughter, "I do think you're in your dotage. I choose the blue-room. It's too bad Mr. Telworthy doesn't come, when the stage has left his trunks. I ran up and curled my hair so nicely, and all for nothing! I wish he was in Jericho—a fussy old bachelor, with nothing on earth to recommend him but his money! What are you staring at, Kitty Moore?"

"Cousin Dora," said the young girl in black, with the color coming and going on her pale cheek, "you must not talk so about Mr. Mark Telworthy in my presence—he sent money to help

bury papa, because papa had been kind to his father years ago, and—and—I know he is good and noble."

"Well, upon my word!" said Miss Dora, bursting into a loud, discordant laugh that brought the color again into her cousin's cheek, "you'd better set your cap for him at once, Miss Pert."

"Dora!"

"Show the man up-stairs this instant!" said Miss Forrester, stamping her pretty little foot, "and never presume to speak so to me again, unless you wish to be turned out of doors!"

Kitty obeyed, though the tears were blinding her soft, hazel eyes, and Mr. Telworthy shouldered his own trunks, and stumbled clumsily up-stairs with them.

The "blue-room" was a cheerful apartment, deriving its name from the blue and gold papering on the walls, with a bright fire sparkling on the hearth, and lamps burning on the mantelpiece.

Kitty Moore motioned to him where to deposit the trunks, and then stood a moment, with her forehead resting against the mantelpiece, and the firelight mirrored in her tear-swimming eyes.

At length she turned.

"You may go, Peckerly."

But the *soi-disant* Peckerly seated himself resolutely on the biggest trunk.

"No, I won't go."

Peckerly!

"I cannot bear it any longer!" ejaculated our hero. "Flesh and blood have their limits of endurance, and so have soul and spirit! I'm not Peckerly, the butler—I'm Mark Telworthy!"

Kitty shrank back; she evidently thought herself confronting an escaped lunatic. Mr. Telworthy drew up an arm-chair and beckoned her to seat herself. She obeyed, pale and trembling.

"And now I'll tell you all about it," said Mr. Mark Telworthy.

Kitty listened, with renewed color and returning smiles, to the strange recital.

"And you are really Mr. Telworthy?"

"I am really Mr. Mark Telworthy, who has never forgotten and will never forget the kindness Ambrose Moore extended to his father, years ago, and—"

Here, however, they were interrupted by the shrill accents of Miss Dora Forrester, who had stolen up-stairs to ascertain the cause of this unwonted delay, and now stood with uplifted hands in the doorway.

"I have caught you, miss, have I?" exclaimed the young virago. "Flirting with a common butler! Well, of all things! But do not think we shall tolerate such conduct in this house. Put on your things and go this very night, Katharine Moore. I give you half an hour to pack up your clothes—mere rags they are! As for you, sir,"—she turned wrathfully to the gentleman.

He, however, was holding Kitty's cold hand in his.

"Obey your relative, Miss Moore," he said, with dignity, which not even the ginger-colored overcoat could entirely obscure. "Pack your trunk—in half an hour I will have a carriage at the door to take you to the railway station. A few hours' ride will enable you to reach my mother's house, which shall henceforth be your home. Do not be afraid; I will constitute myself your escort."

"And who are you?" shrieked Miss Dora, nearly choked by passion.

"I am Mark Telworthy, at your service," he replied, bowing low—"the fussy old bachelor who has 'nothing on earth to recommend him but his money.'"

"I do not believe you."

"You may credit me or not, as you please, Miss Forrester—I have told you the truth."

And, descending the stairs, he quietly explained to the mild old gentleman, with the bald head and spectacles, the curious mistake by which he had been enabled to catch a glimpse of the inner workings of the household machinery.

"A droll *combretemps*, sir," said the old gentleman, with an attempt at pleasantry. "But, surely, Mr. Telworthy, you will remain our guest, now that the misunderstanding is all rectified?"

Mr. Telworthy excused himself—he had promised to escort Kitty Moore to his mother's house, and he kept his promise.

And a year afterward, when Dora Forrester read in the newspaper his marriage to Katharine Moore, she had the pleasure of being quite conscious that it was all her own fault.

The real Peckerly arrived the morning after the storm—a plump, sleek butler, who gave very much better satisfaction than his representative had done. But Miss Dora somehow associated him with the downfall of her matrimonial castle-in-the-air, and never could endure the sight of him!

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE ILLUSTRATED EUROPEAN PRESS.

Velocipede Races at St. Cloud, France.

Velocipedomania is the prevailing malady with the fashionable Parisian world. Every citizen who prides himself upon being à la mode has his velocipede, and rides it. Professors of velocipedism are reaping a goodly harvest. In fact, that method of locomotion threatens to throw equestrianism into the shade. From a Paris letter we gather the following gossip in regard to this plaything of the hour: The Velocipede Club has been formed and baptized, and sixty members are already inscribed. Courses, matches, and pools are promised, and a first race is announced at the Pre Catalon. Already these locomotives are seized by the female as well as the male sex, as an appropriate plaything, and a certain gossip concerning a *petite dame*, who is very dexterous and swift with the velocipede, and who the other day ordered a little girl of thirteen or fourteen to clear the road, while she displayed her prowess, has been going the rounds. The little girl, daughter of Count —, not being quick enough, received a cut from the ombrelle of the *cavalier* as the latter passed, and upon her return, in making the tour of the lake, the Count —, who was walking with his daughter, seized the *petite dame*, shook her rudely, and told her in an excited way some evi-

dent but ugly truths. Monsieur Vain is the grand master of velocipedes, and an important wager is pending on a race between Prince Achille Murat, on horseback, and M. de Vain, on velocipede. The Prince, a good rider, is to mount a swift horse, but his antagonist flies, it is said. He made the journey from Angiers to Tours—sixty-four miles—on his way to Paris. At Tours his velocipede broke down. Our engraving represents a velocipede race that recently occurred at Saint Cloud, in which, it is said, time was made that would have been creditable to a Jerome Park favorite. Of course, this French idea will soon be borrowed by our own fast metropolitan *scooter*, and we shall see fair ladies and gay men coursing on velocipedes along the smooth drives of Central Park.

Assassination of French Sailors by Japanese Soldiers, Near Osaka, Japan.

The recent accounts of outrages committed by the Japanese against foreigners exhibit an alarming condition of affairs at the threshold of the fabric of international amity and commercial intercourse with that country. The steam-barge of the French frigate Duplex, in February last, was awaiting the commander of the frigate Venus, and the French Vice-Consul at Yago, at the wharf of Sakai. The barge's crew consisted of sixteen men, including Midshipman Guillon, in command. A crowd of the Japanese population of the place assembled to look at the Europeans, but as they manifested the utmost friendliness, Mr. Guillon permitted two of his men to take a walk on shore. The sailors had progressed but a few steps when they were accosted by two *samurai* (two-sword Japanese), who greeted them with smiles, and offered to be their guides. The Frenchmen accepted their escort, and had proceeded about thirty yards, when, at a signal from one of the Japanese officers, a band of men armed with guns surrounded them. The two sailors, with a desperate effort, broke away and ran toward the wharf, their assailants in hot pursuit. Immediately a fire of musketry was opened on the barge's crew before the latter had time to seize their weapons, and ten men fell at the first discharge, while at the same time the engine of the barge was rendered useless by the balls which penetrated the boiler. Mr. Guillon was the only one who had time to return the fire, but he was soon disabled by a shot that tore off the thumb of his right hand. One of the sailors, although severely wounded, had the presence of mind to push the barge into the stream, and then, suddenly, the assailants ceased firing and fled. One of the boats of the Venus, on board which the firing had been heard, hastened to the rescue. One of the sailors who had leaped overboard was picked up and saved; seven remaining on board the barge were all either dead or wounded. Of the sixteen that composed the crew, only five survived that cowardly and unprovoked attack.

The Abyssinian Expedition.

Our Abyssinian pictures this week represent the destruction of Magdala, and the exodus of the vanquished army of Theodoros. Magdala was burnt on April 17th, by order of Sir Robert Napier, the troops having previously evacuated the place. The gates were blown up with gunpowder, and of the celebrated Abyssinian fortress nothing but "a scorched rock" was left. The population, including thousands of the soldiers of the dead king, took up their melancholy march from the scene of their last struggle. This exodus is thus described by an eye-witness: As the Hebrews crossed the desert, old and young, healthy and sick, slave and free, carrying their kneading-troughs and laden with all the articles of domestic life, some with mules and donkeys, covered with baggage of all kinds, so were the people forming this vast exodus—men, women, and children, servants, asses and mules—all laden with their worldly goods. Wounded chiefs were carried upon litters, while behind them might be seen their wives, who were wrapped in ample sheets, riding with their children. Warriors who had the good fortune not to come in contact with the Snider projectiles might have been seen striding along, their only weapon now being a long staff. With men of this class it is the custom to wear round the neck a skin of either the sheep, the leopard or the lion. Their hair is plaited in five thick rows over the head, and generally well buttered. Silks and rich-colored cloths were common, contrasting with the slight and simple clothing of those whose position was that of slaves or servants. It was impossible to estimate the numbers forming this mass, but I am informed that there were about 30,000, of whom about 7,000 only were fighting men. They were all on their way to their different homes, and already there is news that they have been attacked and robbed on their way. Probably there were grudges against them, as the soldiers of King Theodore, which had to be paid off. The chiefs were talking about getting new employment, and were already negotiating with the Prince of Tigre and with Wagshom Gobayse, to transfer their allegiance to either of those potentates.

Launch of a Wrecking Vessel in the Canal of La Vilette, France.

The French Government, inspired by the energy of the Emperor Napoleon, is certainly striding rapidly in the path of progress, and is especially earnest in applying its scientific and mechanical resources to the improvement of naval architecture. But not only is its attention turned to the creation of naval engines of destruction, for very praiseworthy efforts are being made to enhance the means of preserving life and property from the dangers of the sea. Our engraving represents the launch of a wrecking vessel, built upon a new plan, and in all its details fitted for its mission of beneficence. The subject is one that deserves the consideration of all maritime powers, for it must be confessed that the appliances for the succor of wrecked vessels are not in accordance with the enlightenment of the age, and have been somewhat slighted in the sphere of invention and experiment.

The Hurricane in the Isle of Mauritius.

On the night of March 11th a tremendous hurricane visited the British Colony of Mauritius, destroying many of the buildings at Port Louis, and in the adjoining district, and driving ashore the vessels in the harbor. Hundreds of tons of sugar in the store-houses, and probably a fourth of the growing crop, are estimated to have been lost. Our engraving represents the effects of the hurricane upon the railway bridge over Grand River, three miles from Port Louis. This bridge is about 630 feet in length, and is composed of two iron tubes, supported by six columns 130 feet high. The smallest of the tubes (320 feet) was blown off the columns, leaving a great gap in the structure, as seen in the picture, and causing a serious interruption of railway service until the necessary repairs could be made.

Inauguration of the Italian National Shooting Festival, Venice.

During the visit to Venice of Prince Humbert and his bride, the Venetians inaugurated the National Shooting Festival, the prince taking a conspicuous part in the

exercises. The festival was celebrated in a vast field bordered with trees, generally used as a parade-ground for the troops. The targets, of which there were a great number, were placed at a distance of about two hundred and fifty yards from the platform where the marksmen stood. From all parts of Italy, and from other countries, the marksmen assembled. Some of the most expert riflemen from Switzerland and the Tyrol being present. Several women participated in the exercises and competed for the prizes. One of these fair proficient with the rifle, a young girl of eighteen years of age, exhibited remarkable skill with her weapon, and bravely disputed the palm with the crack shots of the soldier sex. The inauguration concluded with a grand Night Festival, fairy-like and splendid, such as can be witnessed nowhere except within the classic and romantic domain of the Queen of the Adriatic.

Wreck of a Brig and Steamer in Boulogne Harbor, France.

The navigation of the harbor of Boulogne-sur-mer, in France, was recently much impeded by the wreck of an English brig, the Mary Ann, which sunk near one of the wharves, and, to add to the inconvenience, the steamer Norfolk, of 300 tons, which had been trading between Boulogne and Hull, in attempting to leave the port, ran on the sunken wreck and remained fast, so that when the tide ebbed, she settled down and broke in two, completely blocking up the channel. The authorities were compelled to blow up the sunken brig in order to release the steamer, and afford an opportunity for her removal. At low tide the two ships presented a singular appearance, the stern of the one hoisted on the shattered sides of the other. Our engraving represents the unusual spectacle of the wrecks, forlorn and dismantled, in the busy harbor.

Experiments with the Patent National Life-Saving Apparatus, in New York Harbor.

Our illustration represents a new and improved life-saving apparatus, which was exhibited a short time since by the inventor, Mr. J. B. Stoner, and his assistant, from the U. S. steamer Henry Smith, as she steamed down the Narrows, and thoroughly tested the apparatus, which consists of a cork-jacket, a rubber suit, devices for propelling, and provision receptacles; the loops of the cork-jacket being slipped over the arms of the wearer and tied or buckled; the rubber suit is made in one piece, large and roomy, and when adjusted, covers the whole person, excepting the hands and face; rubber gloves are also provided for the hands for protection in severe weather. Shoe-weights are used to keep the person in an easy and erect position. The receptacle is attached by a cord to the belt of the person, and is so under his control when in the water, that he experiences no inconvenience whatever in its management, and can readily mount the flagstaff, or display a light or other night-signal, and can lunch or sleep with comparative ease and comfort.

On Friday, June 26th, an exhibition was given at Washington, by M. L. Rosavally, agent of the company, and his assistants, the Honorable Gideon Welles having placed at his disposal a steamer for that purpose. The Speaker of the House having previously announced the invitation extended by Mr. Rosavally, and it being accepted, the House adjourned at two o'clock, and most of the members witnessed the experiment, together with the President, Admiral Radford, Rear-Admiral Smith, and other distinguished officials, scientific men and reporters.

The exhibition was a perfect success, and highly commended. Mr. Rosavally, before jumping in the river, inquired if any one on the steamer was desirous of trying his suit, when Mr. Garrison, of Washington, expressed his willingness to do so, but after being attired in the suit, showed some uneasiness. He was finally pushed overboard, in twelve feet of water, when he almost disappeared for a moment, but the next he was seen floating, and soon appeared unharmed. After remaining for an hour, he and the other experimenter were drawn up on the vessel, and on the removal of the suits, their clothing was found to be perfectly dry.

The agent and his assistant gave also an exhibition at Baltimore, on the 27th inst., on their return to this city, the Mayor and other officials being present. This exhibition took place from a vessel at the foot of Lehigh street, and was witnessed by thousands of the citizens of the Monumental City. An exhibition was also given the other day in this city, which Dr. Harris, President Lincoln, and other members of the Board of Health, attended, and they commended in the highest terms this novel and useful invention. The company, we understand, are in hopes in a short time to be able to furnish the ocean steamers with the required suits, on royalty. In such case, we have no doubt that every one going across the Atlantic will be desirous of securing one of these apparatus, and will not hesitate to pay five dollars extra to have it placed in his room or berth. In case of emergency during the trip, the royalty which would thus accrue to the company would be great, and this mode would undoubtedly prove the most desirable to the traveler.

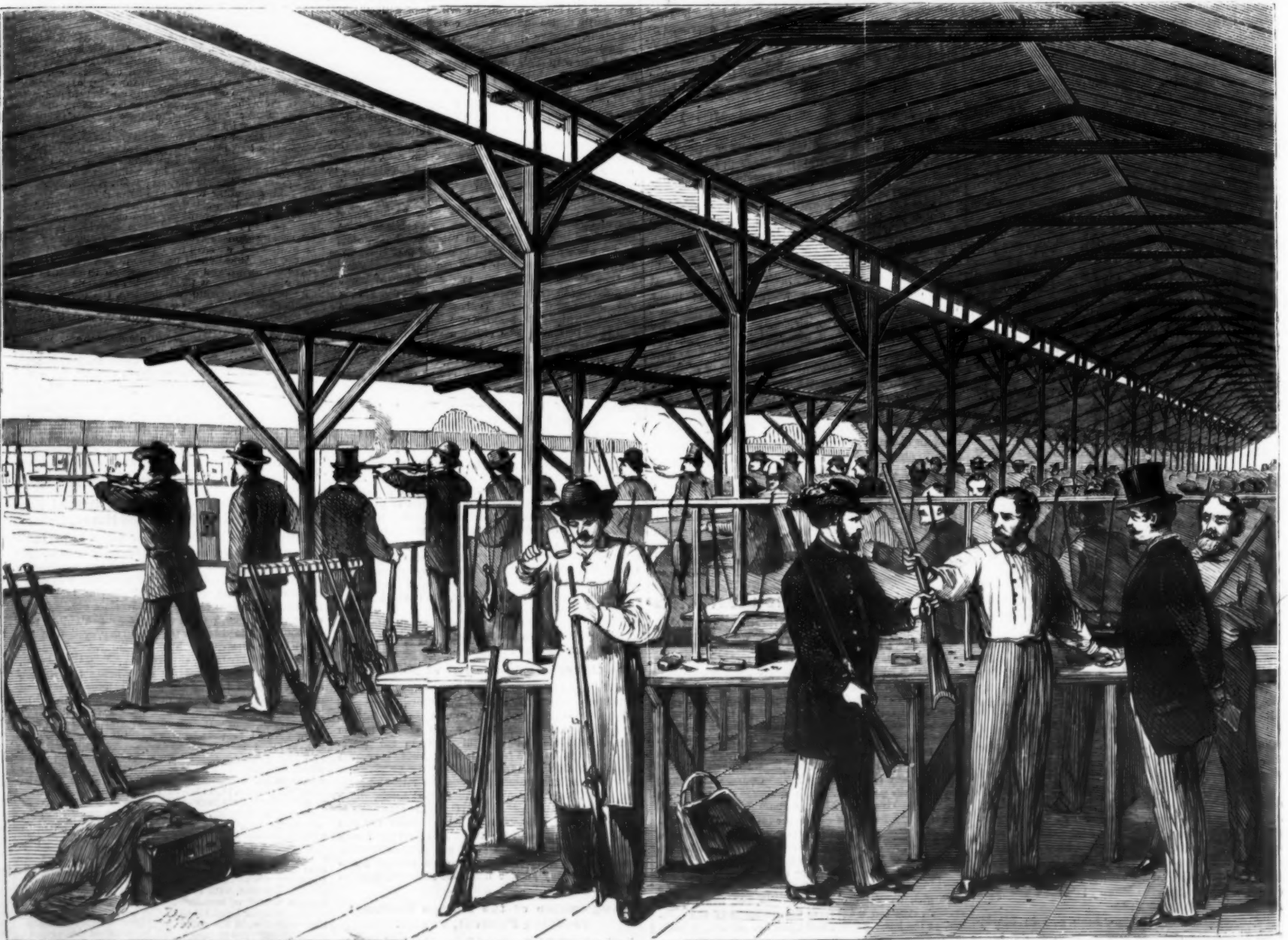
Two or three minutes is only occupied to enrobe one's self in these suits, and it is generally conceded that one would be enabled to live in the water until nature became exhausted. The Government, and, we might say, the Life Insurance Companies, should aid the energetic officers of this company, formed under the laws of this State, and known as the National Life-Saving and Ship-Balancing Company, office, 73 Cedar street, as it is high time some mode should be adopted to lessen the mortality by drowning. This company has also, we learn, secured improved principles for ballasting of vessels, which they will soon put in practical operation.

The Yellow Fever in Peru—Penitential Procession Passing the Custom House, Callao.

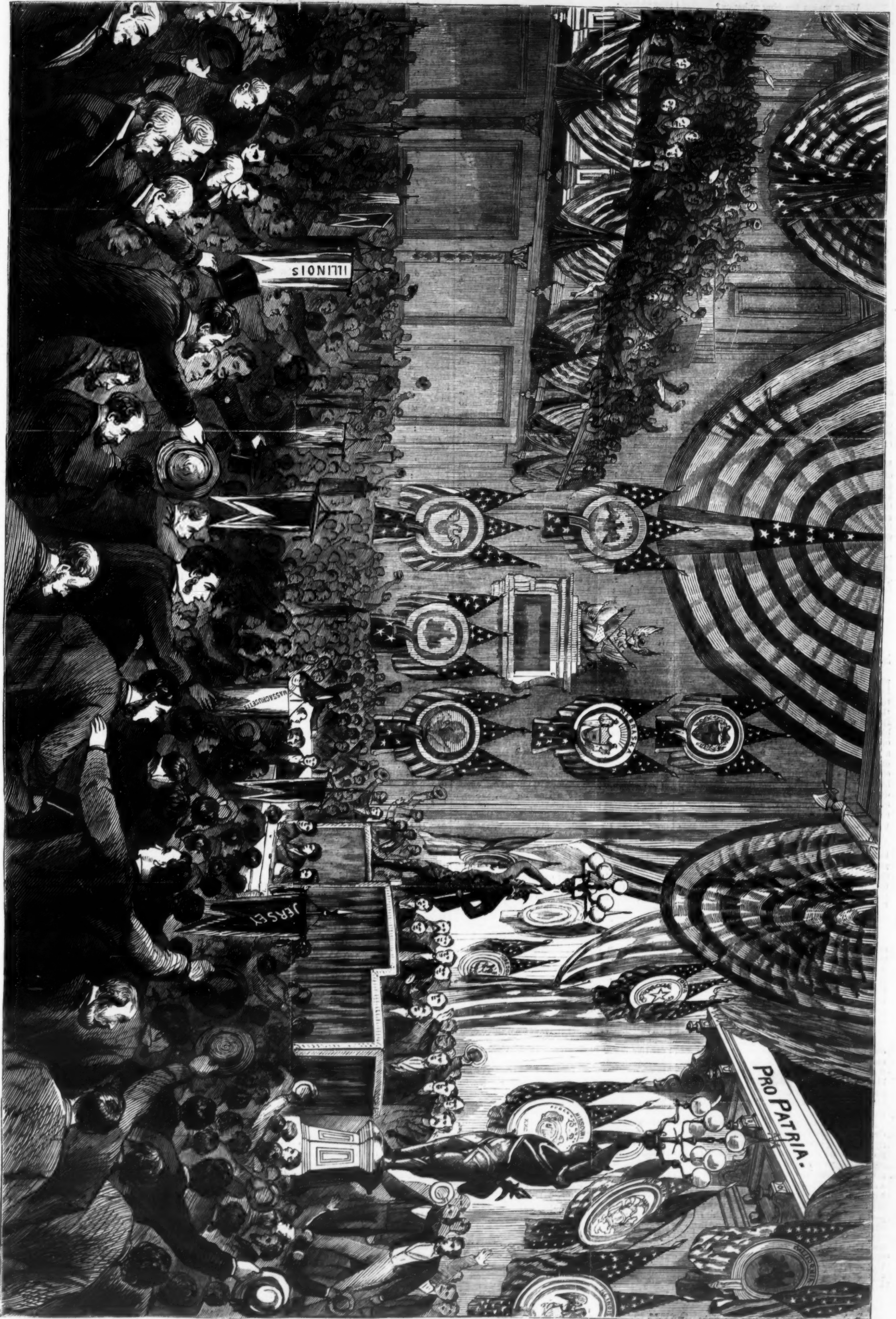
The ravages of the yellow fever have been recently frightfully severe along the coast of Peru. The port of Callao, where the streets are the repositories of accumulating garbage, offal and filth, and where the system of sanitary measures is deplorably inefficient, has been subjected to the most terrible effects of the scourge. Our engraving represents a penitential procession, organized by the priests, in deprecation of the wrath of the Destroyer. The pageantry, relieving the gloom of a Sabbath evening in that city of the plague, was most imposing, and for many hours the solemn cortege wended its way along the narrow streets. It seemed as if the entire population had joined in public invocation of Divine protection against the pestilence. The women, apparent outnumbering the men in that dismal crowd, moved about in their long black mantillas, like spectral images of sorrow, weeping and wailing, and lifting their clasped hands in supplication. The effect, heightened by the sombre tint of the national costume, was mournfully picturesque. From time to time the priests, clad also in long black gowns, would pause and sprinkle holy water on the streets and on the kneeling multitude, reciting prayers the while, to which the people made response. Following these praying priests came others bearing torches and swinging censers, and then, borne on the shoulders of men, a large covered platform, illuminated with lanterns and covered with flowers, upon which stood the image of the saint whose intercession was invoked, arrayed in pontifical robes, with crown and sceptre. Then came again a crowd of woe-stricken women, like suffering spirits, in their loose robes of funeral dirge, whose outlines were lost in the gathering darkness that lent additional ghastliness to the weird features of the scene. Our artist, while giving the details of the spectacle, has caught its sentiment, and produced a picture eminently characteristic of the occasion and of Peruvian manners.



THE SCHUTZENFEST, NEW YORK CITY—THE VAN OF THE GRAND PROCESSION ENTERING JONES'S WOODS, JUNE 29TH—SEE PAGE 230.



THE SCHUTZENFEST, NEW YORK CITY—THE TARGET PRACTICE AT JONES'S WOODS, JULY 1ST.—SEE PAGE 283.



THE NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION—THE DELEGATES ASSEMBLED IN THE GRAND HALL OF TAMMANY BUILDING—CHEERING THE NAME OF GEORGE H. PENDLETON.—SEE PAGE 275.

YESTERDAY.

What makes the king unhappy?
His queen is young and fair,
His children climb around him,
With waving yellow hair.

His realm is broad and peaceful,
He fears no foreign foe;
And health to his veins comes leaping
In all the winds that blow.

What makes the king unhappy?
Alas! a little thing,
That money cannot purchase,
Or fleets and armies bring.

And yesterday he had it,
With yesterday it went,
And yesterday it perished,
With all the king's content.

For this he sits lamenting,
And sighs, "Alack! alack!
I'd give one-half my kingdom,
Could yesterday come back!"

The Homicide in Will's Crescent.

A Tale Told by an Old Physician.

BY CHAS. PORTER SUMNER.

CHAPTER I.

"It cannot be, but he was murdered here:
The least of all these signs are probable."
—Henry VI., Part II.: SHAKES.

WILL'S CRESCENT had nothing either remarkable or attractive in its appearance. It was merely a semi-circle of plain brick houses, built around an open space intended, at some remote period in the future, for a park. The lower stories of some of these buildings were occupied as shops, but the majority were dwellings of second-rate architecture, inhabited by second-rate people.

Nevertheless I passed about half my time in Will's Crescent, and would have gone there oftener if I could. The fact was, that my oldest and best friend, Doctor Van Rip, lived there, and had his surgery there—the modest little shop on the extreme left flank of the row, the red and green bottles in the windows of which always flashed out a bright welcome for me whenever I went in at the door.

There was nothing peculiarly remarkable or attractive about Dr. Van's personal appearance, either—at least to strangers; but to me he was quite a study, and I had long ago found out that he had a heart that was something more than a mere pumping machine. A bachelor like myself was Dr. Van, and we had battled through many a hard time together in our more youthful days, so that, now we were falling into the "sere and yellow leaf," we loved to get together in some quiet place and tell old time tales of all we had seen and suffered.

We were sitting alone together in the surgery when the doctor told this story. A very cozy place, indeed, was the surgery, especially when spendthrift Winter was prodigally tossing his snow-feathers about, and his equally inconsiderate partner Boreas was exhausting his lungs in the endeavor to blow off the roof of the house. Two arm-chairs, one on each side of a little round table, drawn up before a blazing sea-coal fire; the materials for a wee drop of hot punch, as we required it, and our bachelor pipes filled with fragrant Latakia, left us little to desire, though we were neither of us burdened with store of golden pelf. Thus disposed, one fearfully stormy January evening, the doctor told the story, and, as literally as my memory will enable me to render it, I will repeat it to you.

I came to the Crescent—said the doctor—just twenty-two years ago this very month. It is not much of a place now, but then it was only just finished, and its owners had an insane ambition that it was destined to be the centre of the fashionable portion of the city. I rather think I entertained a similar opinion, or I scarcely would have been rash enough to have expended my slender capital in the purchase of this house, and endeavor, as I did, to build up a practice in the neighborhood. The owners and myself were sadly disappointed—one of the former is in an insane asylum, and the other is bankrupt long ago and fled the country—but I have not regretted that I finally came to anchor here. As you know, Fred, I had been tossed about quite long enough, and it was undoubtedly well for me that, by making this purchase, I put it out of my power to be tossed in the world's blanket any longer. I was over forty then, had seen all my hopes vanish one by one, and all my nearest relatives laid under the churchyard mold. The practice, though neither extensive or important, has enabled me to live comfortably and entertain any old friend that comes my way. With my present experience I don't think I would do differently if I had the choice.

During the first years of my residence in the Crescent it was a curious thing to mark the steadily decreasing gradation of its fortunes. At first there were no shops, save mine, allowed (a surgery is always respectable), and the families that rented the houses were decidedly aristocratic, in a small way. These staid not long, however; a baker's shop was permitted at the further end of the row, and shabby-genteel people usurped the places of the aristocrats. These, in turn, were superseded by a better class, but below them in rank—clerks, small tradesmen, authors, and the like, and a butcher and a grocer opened two other shops. Finally some of these went away, the buildings they vacated were rented, by floors and rooms, to tenants who could not afford whole houses, and, to cap the climax of the Crescent's degradation from the lofty pinnacle of fashion it had first aspired to, a cigar and tobacco shop was opened in the very centre of the row! Since then the locality has remained nearly in statu quo, and

I am of opinion that it will stay there, during my time at least.

The story I am about to tell you is connected with that very cigar-shop I have just mentioned. Of course, in such a neighborhood as the Crescent had then grown to be, Gossip was rampant, and everybody living therein knew, or wished to know, everybody else's business. It follows that when our new neighbor opened his shop, every engine of torment which inquisitiveness has invented was brought to bear upon him. The good man, however, was impenetrable. Not one hint as to his former life could the gossips gather, and, at the end of six months, his secret—and that he had a secret subsequent events proved to me emphatically—was as great a mystery as at first. Then Madame Rumor thrust her busy tongue into the matter, and for three months longer we were entertained by a diversified romance of his life, which would have done honor to the invention of Reynolds or Sue, and have put the poor cigar-man on a par, as to length of days, with the Wandering Jew. He was a Cuban patriot, an Italian conspirator and refugee, an American filibuster, a French renegade, a German mystic, a Russian spy, a forger, a murderer, a pirate! There was nothing known to the criminal code, or the folly of man, that he was not, at one time or another, accused of, and at the end of it all, he was as much a matter of mystery as Faust or the Count Cagliostro.

I am bound to say that his appearance and habits furnished considerable foundation for some of the milder of the rumors. He was bearded like a pard, had a decidedly tropical cast of countenance, and was eminently handsome in form and feature. A settled gloom always overshadowed him, and his melancholy aspect would certainly have warranted the conjecture that remorse was busy at his heart. He spoke several foreign languages fluently, and, therefore, the doubt as to his nationality had reason in it. As to his habits, these were more singular still. Our neighborhood was very social, and he never made an acquaintance while he lived there. He was very polite, but he never spoke unless spoken to, and then his answers were as brief as possible. All day long he stood behind his little counter dealing out his wares—and he had many customers, attracted as much by curiosity as the quality of his goods—but at seven o'clock he closed his shop and went away for a long, solitary walk. Many had followed him, but these walks led nowhere in particular, and they returned as wise as they went. When he came back, he shut himself up in his bedroom behind his shop, and appeared no more till morning. He never smiled, lived on next to nothing, and it was shrewdly suspected that he gave away most of his profits to the children of his poorest neighbors. In a word, there was sufficient singularity about him to make a double-distilled hero of romance out of, and after a while, when he began to be an old story, the worthy denizens of Will's Crescent concluded to accept him as such, and let him alone.

At last, however, these conjectures and fables were brought to an end in a manner as shocking as it was unexpected—though very consistently as a conclusion to so much mystery. One evening—just such a stormy night as this—I was sitting here alone, rather doubtfully pondering upon my prospects, when a sharp ring came at my night-bell, and I hastened to answer it. I found a policeman at the door, who curtly told me that my services were required at the cigar-shop, and, putting on my great-coat and hat, I followed him without remark. There was quite a crowd about the door of the shop when we reached it, but my conductor unceremoniously made a lane for me, through which I passed into the interior.

I shall never forget the dismal sight that met my gaze as I entered. A low counter, running from the window toward the rear, divided the room nearly in half. On the inner end of this stood a glass-case full of cigars and tobacco, and midway between it and the window—the head and shoulders partly hanging over the counter—was stretched the dead body of the mysterious cigar-dealer! The counter and floor were deluged with blood, but beyond this nothing seemed to have been disturbed.

An Inspector and three other policemen were present, and the former, telling me that the body had not been touched since it was discovered, directed me to examine it and ascertain the cause of death. This was plain enough, for, on turning the corpse over, a short poniard was found plunged to the hilt in its breast, and two other wounds, evidently made by the same weapon, were discovered higher up. Either wound was sufficient to cause death, and I gave it as my opinion that life had been extinct at least three hours—in which case, as it was now after ten, the murder (for it was plainly not a suicide) must have been committed about seven o'clock. In answer to my questions, the Inspector informed me that the policeman on the beat had been passing the door about half an hour previous. As he did so, he noticed that his feet stuck to the ground, as if from the effect of some glutinous substance. Springing his lantern, he saw a dark-colored stream on the side-walk, which he at first thought was molasses, but on tracing it as flowing from underneath the door of the cigar-shop, he discovered that it was blood. The man then rapped for assistance, and when it arrived sent for the Inspector. On trying the door, it was found unlocked, and the body discovered as I saw it.

The coroner's jury brought in a verdict of "Wilful Murder against persons unknown," and the victim was buried out of sight. Nothing had been stolen from the premises, apparently, and after long and diligent inquiry, the police were obliged to confess themselves at fault—no clue to the assassin could be discovered anywhere. One piece of testimony alone threw any light on the affair, and that was so vague that it was of no use whatever in tracing the murderer. It was given by the baker, who stated that he had seen a tall, bearded man and a very pretty woman enter the cigar-shop on two different occasions. They

were complete strangers to the neighborhood, and that made him notice them particularly. On the second occasion, which was only two days before, he was in the shop, serving the proprietor with bread, when they entered. He went out at once, but lingered near the door, and was sure he heard the voices of all three raised in anger. This was all, and as no trace, however indistinct, could be discovered of these strangers, the police, as I have said, finally gave the matter up, and in time the terrible story faded into tradition.

CHAPTER II.

"Not ev'n the soldier's fury raised in war,
The rage of tyrants when defiance stings 'em!
The pride of priests, so bloody when in power!
Are half so dreadful as a woman's vengeance."
—Sir Thomas Overbury: SAVAGE.

SEVERAL years passed—continued the doctor—and my prospects had somewhat improved. Among other things, I received the appointment of Visiting Surgeon to a new hospital, which increased my income so that I could at last afford some luxuries, and lay by a penny for a rainy day. The institution was metropolitan in its character, situated by the water-side, and devoted to the relief of the suffering poor, whether from accident or sickness.

One day—after I had been in attendance for some months, and had become thoroughly acquainted with my duties—my attention was called to a patient who had been admitted just previous to my arrival that morning. The individual was by no means prepossessing in appearance naturally, being a black-bearded, swarthy-faced man, muscular and ungainly in build, and the disfigurement caused by the accident which had happened to him rendered his aspect almost frightful. It was, therefore, with no slight feeling of repugnance that I advanced to examine him. The house-surgeon had made a preliminary examination, in anticipation of my visit, and the "case card" above the patient's bed read as follows:

"Jean Laroche, etat 32, 5 ft. 9 in. Born in Marseilles, France. Resident in the parish of Mary-bone. Black hair, beard, and eyes. Complexion dark. Admitted June 10th, 18—. Injuries: 1st. Compound, transverse fracture of head of left femur, through both trochanters. 2d. Fracture of pelvis, extent not ascertained. 3d. Luxation of left knee-joint and fracture of patella. 4th. Extensive wounds of scalp and face. Prognosis: Extremely unfavorable."

I fully coincided with the house-surgeon, as to his prognosis of the case, when I had ascertained that the diagnosis was in the main correct. Such injuries were almost necessarily fatal, and I was interested to know how they had occurred. The patient was scarcely able to articulate, but the clerk of the hospital had received an account of the accident, from those who had brought the patient in, and, at my request, gave me the particulars. It appeared that the injured man had been employed, as a mason, upon the parapet wall of a new dock building at Lambeth. The platform upon which he stood while thus at work was more than forty feet from the ground, and had a number of heavy stones laying on it, which were to be used in the wall. A single ladder formed the only means of access to it, and Laroche was the only mason at work there. The scaffold was very slightly put together, and it had been noticed to vibrate considerably whenever he walked across it.

About nine o'clock in the morning a female was seen ascending the ladder with a small tin pail in her hand, and, as it was customary for the wives of the workmen to bring their husbands' dinners to them, it was naturally supposed that this was her errand, and nobody interfered to prevent her ascent to the platform. She reached the top safely, and they were observed in conversation for some time, their gestures indicating that the dialogue was not amicable. A quarrel between husband and wife was too common an affair to attract particular notice among the workmen, until suddenly a horrified exclamation from one of their number at some distance caused all that heard it to turn toward the scaffold. To their astonishment and alarm, Laroche and the woman were seen engaged in a desperate struggle, their arms locked about each other, and their countenances inflamed with furious passion!

There was an instantaneous rush of all who stood below toward the ladder, but any effort to reach them was hopeless. Scarcely had the spectators realized the danger, when a shrill scream of terror pierced their ears, and the body of the unfortunate woman, tossed by Laroche clear out into the air, descended with a rush like that of a cannon-ball into the midst of the crowd! At the same instant a terrific crash was heard, and the slightly-built platform, torn from its fastenings by the furious struggle, swayed outward from the wall, tottered for a moment, and fell headlong to the ground, mingling the doomed man, the great stones, and its own debris, in one common ruin! The woman had fallen upon her head, and was killed instantly; the man was picked up in the state I found him; and, owing to his condition, he had, as yet, been unable, to give any explanation of the struggle which had resulted so disastrously.

Contrary to our anticipations, the patient did not quickly succumb to the effect of his fearful injuries, and, at the end of a week, he even rallied so that there was a faint hope he might survive. He recovered his speech, too, but did not seem inclined to converse, and steadily refused to say anything on the subject of the quarrel which evidently had taken place between himself and the woman. It had been discovered on the inquest that she was not his wife, several persons having recognized her as a woman who tended in a small fancy store in the Edgeware Road, and of whom nothing else was known, even by her employers, save that she was their countrywoman—French. Laroche would not explain who she was, though informed that a verdict of Wilful Murder had been brought against him by the coroner's jury, and that if he survived he would

be tried for his life. He merely replied that he had no desire to live, and that it made little difference whether he died from his injuries or was hung!

The secret, however, was not destined to die with him, and, strange as it may appear, I was to be selected as its depository! While another, equally mysterious, was, at the same time, to be explained. As the patient rallied from the shock consequent upon his injuries, I noticed that, whenever I came to his bedside, he regarded me fixedly with the expression of one endeavoring to recall where he had met me previously. This idea, nevertheless, might never have taken a distinct shape in my mind had he not, at last, avowed it. I think it was about the tenth day after the accident, when I had finished dressing his wounds as usual, that he suddenly broke his habitual silence, and abruptly asked me what my name was. I told him, of course, but with some surprise, and he continued:

"Do you keep an apothecary's shop in Will's Crescent?"

I answered with some asperity, for I did not relish his contemptuous allusion to the place as a shop, that my surgery was situated there.

"Have you lived there long?"

"About twelve years," I replied, still wondering what he was at.

He lay quiet for a few moments, as if reflecting, and then exclaimed, sharply:

"Send away the attendants. I have something to tell you privately!"

More and more surprised, I motioned the nurses to retire, which they did at once, and, drawing a chair near the bed, I sat down close to his shoulder.

"Doctor," said he, fixing upon me a gaze replete with mental perturbation, "I know that you physicians have lately decided that there is a chance of my recovery, but you are mistaken. I feel that I shall die, and, moreover, I want to die. This being the fact, there can be no harm in giving you the explanation of an affair in which you were once concerned, and which must have puzzled you for many years. If you will give me your word that you will not repeat it until I am dead, I will do so at once!"

I was now thoroughly interested, though I could not imagine what it was he alluded to, and I gave him the required promise without hesitation. His next words enlightened me most completely.

"Do you remember, some eight years ago," he asked, "the murder of a foreigner in a cigar-shop in Will's Crescent?"

I started back in unfeigned astonishment. Was it possible that that mystery was to be cleared up at last? I assured him that I did remember the affair very distinctly, and, after a brief pause, he continued:

"The woman whom I killed—for I did kill her: it was no accident—was the murderer of that unfortunate man! I aided her by my presence, but her hand did the deed. Until very lately I have not regretted it, for I believed that he had been punished justly for a vile treachery; but, just previous to her death and my injury, I was undeceived. If you care to hear the story—it can affect no one after I am dead—I will tell you all."

It may be imagined that I accepted the offer eagerly, perhaps too eagerly, considering the circumstances, but I am no better than my neighbors, and curiosity is man's besetting vice. The dying man smiled at my reply, but was evidently not offended, for, pausing a few moments, apparently to collect his thoughts, he began, in a low yet clear voice, to relate the following singular story:

Notwithstanding the vicissitudes of my life—said he—I have never found it necessary to assume a false name, therefore, that given as mine, by my fellow-workmen, who brought me here, is correct. They were wrong as to my birthplace, however, which, so far from being Marseilles, is Tarbes, in the Upper Pyrenees. My family was respectable, but not wealthy, and most of the education I have attained was acquired in England. My early youth was passed at home in tranquility, while learning my father's trade, that of a builder, but at the age of twenty-two I became acquainted with the woman who afterward proved the bane of my existence.

Anita and Estelle St. Pierre were sisters, and the daughters of a wealthy farmer in the vicinity of Tarbes. Both were beautiful, but in my eyes Anita claimed the pre-eminence, both as to personal charms and that purity and tenderness of soul which is woman's first attraction. How could I imagine, I, a mere boy, who did not realize what the great world was—that, beneath that bewitching mask of sensibility and seeming modesty, there lurked passions fierce and uncontrollable, a heart colder than ice, and a malignity more terrible than the Fiend's? Men constantly deceive themselves, even when hackneyed in the world's falsities. It was not strange, then, that I fell into the snare, and accepted as truth that which seemed to be truth.

No matter how it came about, I loved her! They were of a higher station in life than mine, but she plainly encouraged me to hope that she was willing to renounce that station to share mine, and, like a fool, I believed and was content. We did not meet often, but when we did, she was all smiles and tenderness, and, walking the earth proudly in my exultation, I felt that I could endure eternal misery for one fond caress from the ideal goddess I worshipped. A woman who wishes to lure man to destruction, has but to will it, and it is a fact accomplished.

About a year after my first acquaintance with her, Gaston de Viomesnil, the cadet of an impoverished noble house, the head of which resided not far from the St. Pierre farm, returned from a German university, where he had been completing his education. He was a handsome youth, highly accomplished, and, though poor for a noble, possessing enough to enable him to shine in our provincial society, which was composed principally of *bourgeoisie*. I cannot say that I was jealous of him at first, though I certainly

envied his aristocratic bearing and the polite ease of his manner, which rendered him a general favorite among the younger women at our balls and other festivities.

Before long, however, I began to fancy that she received his attentions with a pleasure that argued more than indifference, and consequently I instituted a watch upon them. My suspicions were in a measure confirmed by discovering that he visited the St. Pierre farm constantly, at hours when they might reasonably suppose that I would not be there. I taxed her with this fact, and she plausibly explained it by informing me that Gaston was in love, not with her, but her sister Estelle. This was very possible, and, as I could not question the latter on a subject so delicate, I was forced to be content, though my jealousy was not entirely dissipated. The truth of Anita's statement seemed to be confirmed, however, by subsequent events, which I must now relate.

At the period of which I am speaking, France was disturbed throughout its length and breadth, by those political commotions which resulted in placing Louis Philippe on the throne. Unlike the generality of French revolutions, which usually begin and culminate at Paris, the conspiracy to dethrone Charles X. had its ramifications throughout every department, a circumstance which led to the alteration of the title of the monarch, under the subsequent Orleanist domination, from "King of France" to "King of the French."

The Department of the Upper Pyrenees, though so remote from the capital, did not escape the contagion, and its inhabitants were nearly equally divided between the factions of the Orleanists and the Bourbonists.

The nobles were nearly all in favor of the Bourbon branch, and Gaston de Viomesnil's family were the leaders of that party in and near Tarbes. Of course, when the explosion came, and Charles X. was deposed, the leaders among his adherents were forced to fly, for the new government was by no means tender in dealing with its enemies. Gaston himself disappeared at the first hint of disaster. He had been prominent in his opposition to the change, and his violence had made him so obnoxious to the Orleanists, that his life would have been forfeited had he lingered. The small remnant of the de Viomesnil property was immediately confiscated, and it was plain that, wherever the exiles were, they would be forced to labor for their living.

When I first heard of his flight, I rejoiced greatly, little dreaming of the misery it would eventually entail upon me. I only felt that he whom I had feared as a rival was out of my way, and that now the course of my love would meet with no obstacle. My first meeting with Anita sadly undeceived me, and the long catalogue of my woes began. She sought me herself, in the darkness of the evening subsequent to his flight, and when my gaze rested upon her face, I started in dismay as I beheld its livid pallor and the wild gleam of her dark eye.

"Are you a man, Jean Laroche?" she cried, ere I could speak. "You say you love me, and would sacrifice all things for me. Prove it now, and, by the Heaven that hears me, I will lay my life at your feet!"

Astounded at her ghastly aspect and the frenzy of her words, I demanded incoherently what it was that had so disturbed her.

"Estelle has fled with Gaston!" she answered, fiercely. "That coward has taken advantage of her trusting innocence, and borne her with him to dishonor! Oh, that I were a man! But, woman as I am, he shall not escape me! I have no brother, Jean," she added, vehemently, yet in a measure restraining her passion. "And my father is old and feeble. I have only you, and if you fail me now—"

Borne away by the impetuosity of her manner and the strength of my love, I rashly swore to do her bidding, whatever it might be; and, somewhat composed by the evident sincerity of my devotion, she was soon able to relate what had happened, as also to state what she required of me.

It appeared that Estelle's flight had only been discovered an hour previous, through a messenger from the fugitives, who also informed Anita that her father was suspected of being a Bourbonist, owing to the fact that Gaston had been seen so often at the farm. St. Pierre had, therefore, determined to leave the farm and seek safety in concealment among his relatives in the mountains.

Of course he desired to take Anita with him, but her determination was widely different. Frantic at the disgrace brought upon her sister by Gaston de Viomesnil, she had resolved to follow him and force him to do Estelle justice, or execute vengeance upon him by any means that might present itself, when she should find him!

Naught that I could urge would induce her to forego this rash and insane determination. Until that time I had not even suspected the depth of her passions, or the inflexibility and energy of her nature. Deaf to my arguments, she only answered:

"I have reflected, and am resolved. If your boasted love is not a lie, aid me in my design. Until that is accomplished, your hopes are vain!"

What need to dwell upon the discussion, I worshiped her, and I consented. My savings and her jewels furnished us with means, and without apprising any one of our intention, we left Tarbes secretly, and journeyed together to London.

From conversations held with Gaston previous to his flight, she had learned that he intended to come to this city in the event which had transpired, but she possessed no clue to his actual residence, and it was nearly a year before we discovered him in that little cigar-shop in Will's Crescent.

I accompanied her there twice. On the first occasion I remained outside the door while she sought his presence within. What occurred at that interview I know not, save that I heard her voice vehement in anger, and she came forth to

rejoin me, convulsed and incoherent with fury. I could gain from her no explanation, save that she was to visit him again on the following night, and her excitement was so great that it was useless to persevere.

During the whole of the next day she remained in her room at the obscure hotel where we were lodging, but just at nightfall she went out alone, telling me to be in readiness to accompany her to Gaston's when she should return. I have reason to suppose that she then purchased the dagger with which the terrible deed she contemplated was committed.

In less than an hour she came back, and within twenty minutes more we were in Will's Crescent. Gaston had put up the shutters of his shop, but the door was still open, and we entered without opposition. He was standing behind the low counter, and appeared to be expecting her visit. She advanced so as to face him across the counter, and a brief conversation ensued between them, in a tone so low that I did not hear the words. Suddenly Anita laid her left hand upon his arm and bent her body over the counter so that her face was close to his.

"You refuse then, Gaston?" she cried in a louder tone. "For the last time, you refuse?"

"I cannot do otherwise, Anita," he answered calmly. "You must be sensible how degrading the proposition—"

"Then die, fool, die!" she shrieked, interrupting him, in a tone of wrath. "A St. Pierre's love scorned knows but one vengeance!"

Her right hand, grasping a flashing dagger, rose and fell three times with desperate force; there was a smothered, gurgling groan—but one; a convulsive struggle, and Gaston de Viomesnil fell prone upon the counter with the poniard buried to the hilt in his heart. If I had possessed a full knowledge of her purpose—of which I was entirely ignorant—I could not, from my position, have prevented its accomplishment. The deadly act was performed so rapidly that a miracle alone could have averted his doom!

We fled at once, closing the door behind us, and leaving, as I then thought, a justly punished seducer, in a tone of wrath. For some days Anita and I did not meet, and when we did, all was changed between us. Our terrible secret banished every thought of love, and from that day to this it was never mentioned between us. But though remorse at having aided such a deed continually beset me, I could not denounce her, whom I had so fondly worshiped, as a murderess. I gave her every assurance that the secret was safe with me, and we separated, as I thought, for ever. We had previously obtained employment—I at my trade, and she as an attendant in a countryman's fancy-goods shop—and, though we occasionally saw each other, we had never spoken together since that day, until the hour we met upon that fatal scaffold.

Time passed, and though my conscience still accused me as an accessory to a great crime, I was gradually learning to endure my misery with patience, when, one morning—the day before the catastrophe which brought me here—I was passing along the Strand, on my way to work, when I suddenly met, face to face, no other than Estelle St. Pierre! You can imagine the feelings with which I beheld her. She it was for whose sake all this crime and wretchedness had been encountered, and while I pictured her as an outcast herding with the vilest of the vile, or sunk into the nameless grave of the betrayed, here she stood before me, blooming with health, the very image of innocence and happiness!

I am growing rapidly weaker, doctor—continued the unfortunate Laroche—and must hasten to finish my sad tale. Estelle seemed overjoyed to see me, and I was so utterly astounded at seeing her so well and happy, that I lost my presence of mind, and questioned her wrathfully about the sin I believed that she had committed. Then the awful truth burst upon me, and I knew myself doubly deceived, the dupe of a fiend who never had aught of woman in her nature save the name!

Indignantly Estelle spurned the foul aspersion I put upon her, and when we had gained a spot secure from intrusion, gave me the terrible explanation which opened my eyes to the truth. She had not fled from Tarbes with Gaston de Viomesnil, and he had never been more to her than a friend! Gaston had really sent a messenger to inform her father that he was suspected, and the old man had immediately sent his daughters away to the mountains, intending to follow them as soon as he could collect a few effects. Anita left Estelle before they reached their destination, informing her that she wished to see me and tell me where they were going. When her father joined her, two days afterward, and her sister had not returned, instant inquiries were made, and Anita's flight with me discovered. It had always been believed that we were married, and had fled to Spain, although that we never communicated with St. Pierre gave reason for fear that we had perished in our flight. Estelle had lived with her father until his death, some six months previous to our meeting, and had then come to London to join some relatives already domiciled in that city.

This strange tale—proving that Anita's story was false from the beginning—rendered me frantic, and, without thinking what I was doing, I abruptly told Estelle the horrible truth. The shock overpowered her at first, but when she had in some degree recovered, she told me, amid heart-rending sobs, the damning fact that Anita had loved Gaston, and that she whom I had then deemed an angel of purity and modesty, had unblushingly and unchastely offered him her love! He had repulsed her, and now the hideous truth was clear: she had killed him in revenge, and had used me as a tool to accomplish her horrid design!

I know not what I said in my frenzy, but I must have threatened to denounce the murderess, and Estelle must have obtained from my ravings a clue to Anita's residence. We separated, and I fled homeward, where, in the solitude of my room, I exhausted my agony. The night brought re-

lection, and I finally resolved not to denounce her, but leave her punishment to God; while, as for myself, I would work until I obtained enough to fly to some distant country, where I might expiate my involuntary crime, among strangers, by a never-dying remorse.

It was not to be! Her punishment and mine was nearer at hand than either dreamed. Estelle found her, and told her of my threats, and on that fatal morning she sought and found me at my work, whither I had gone in pursuance of my resolve. She had formed the unlucky resolution to threaten instead of supplicating me, and her first words, after she stepped upon the platform, caused my pent-up wrath to burst its bonds in a torrent that swept us both away in its overwhelming flood! The rest you know. She has gone to her account, and, ere many hours, I shall follow her. May God have mercy on our guilty souls!

He died that night—concluded the doctor, with a sigh. And I believe you will agree with me that real life has few more romantic tales than that of the Homicide in Will's Crescent!

The Schuetzenfest, New York City—The Van of the Great Procession Entering Jones's Woods, June 29th—The Target Practice at Jones's Woods, July 1st.

The formal opening of the great German Shooting Festival took place on Monday, June 29th, the festivities of the day being preceded by one of the finest processions that has ever passed through our streets. For several weeks past our German citizens have been anticipating the grand carnival with the utmost enthusiasm. Workmen swarmed about Jones's Woods, where the shooting exercises were to be held, and very extensive accommodations were provided for the shooting party and spectators. A catalogue of prizes to be contended for during the festival was made out at an early hour, and by the time the delegations from abroad had arrived in this city, the various articles had been placed on exhibition in one of our public halls. During the week previous to the commencement, the Bowery, as well as all streets leading therefrom, was gayly decked with evergreens, mottoes, devices, and flags of all nations. This locality appeared to be specially chosen for the decorations and tokens of welcome and pleasure, and certainly the city never wore a more brilliant attire than was there displayed.

At about eleven o'clock on Tuesday morning the dense mass of humanity that thronged about Union Square began swaying to and fro, and the thousands of Germans who had there assembled to participate in the procession fell into line. The column started on its long march, to the stirring notes of the popular air "Le Sabre de mon Père," and passed in review before His Honor, the Mayor, who was greeted with loud and enthusiastic cheers. There were seven full divisions in the procession, consisting of infantry, cavalry, artillery, and societies without arms. One of the most picturesque scenes in the procession was the one presented as a portion of the second division was entering Jones's Woods. This division gave a faithful and very imposing representation of the martial costumes of the middle ages, as well as the wonderful improvements and inventions in the line of shooting weapons that have been made from time to time. After the commandants came six heralds, all bedecked in gorgeous colors, wearing huge helmets, which caught the rays of the sun, and reflected them upon the shrubbery and decorations at the entrance to the Woods, and riding steeds that pranced about as if conscious of the part they were playing in the pageantry. The Marshal of the division and his aide, in the costume of the Landsknechte of the time of George von Frönsberg, looked delightfully quaint, and the band, in the same costume, under Mr. Heller, director, were equally objects of attention. Next followed a platoon of six, personating Teuton warriors, and clad in bearskins. A line, representative of the American aborigines, with their tomahawks, scalp-knives, war-clubs, and head-dresses of long feathers, excited considerable applause, and prepared the way for the venerable William Tell and his confiding boy. These characters were admirably personated, and drew forth, from the young in particular, a hearty burst of approbation. The son bore an apple pierced with an arrow, whilst his handsome companion walked erect with a bow in his hand. They were followed by a party of crossbowmen, who looked desperate and savage enough, in their singular costume. Among them walked a personation of the old monk Berthold Schwartz, the inventor of gunpowder, over whom was borne, by two pages, a green arch, with his name thereon. The six Prussian Grenadiers with flintlock muskets of the time of Frederick the Great looked a noble set of fellows and would have been regarded as such even by old Fritz himself. Six Tyrolese in their national costume, with short rifles, and led by Andreas Hofer, created quite an impression, and were repeatedly cheered. Six American sharpshooters, with the newest and most improved breechloaders, and the Gatling gun, escorted by members of Captain Keim's company, formed the rear of the division, and were duly taken notice of.

At Jones's Woods the procession was received by at least twenty thousand spectators, of both sexes and almost every nationality. The ground wore quite a theatrical appearance, with the scores of men in glittering and varied costumes, and the banners borne by the different societies, and the decorations that had been attached to every tree. At three o'clock, Mayor Hoffman and the National Committee entered the Fest Halle, and seated themselves around the well-spread tables. The banquet-room was one hundred and seventy feet long by one hundred feet wide, and was elaborately ornamented with flags and floral embellishments. The shields of all the States were displayed on the walls, and at one end of the hall was a tribune, from which the toasts were announced and responded to. The exercises of the day were brought to a close with a cadet drill, and a series of sprightly performances by a gymnast.

The shooting exercises announced for Tuesday, but postponed on account of the arrangements not being wholly completed, were inaugurated at ten o'clock on Wednesday morning, much to the satisfaction of the sharpshooters, who had become impatient at the delay. A large shed or shooting-stand had been erected for the accommodation of those who were to compete for the prizes offered, and fifty-six tents were placed in a direct range with a like number of targets, set up at a distance of six hundred feet. At these positions the marksmen took their places, and awaited the signal for firing. A cannon boomed, and in an instant the report of the rifles rang clear and loud upon the air, and the principal feature of the Fest was in successful operation. The Absend Maschine, a machine for measuring shots with great accuracy, to prevent errors, was re-

ceived by the Shooting Committee, and applied with great advantage during the contest. The machine is so constructed that the breadth of a hair can be measured with the greatest correctness, and each inch is divided into a thousand parts. This machine, which is peculiarly constructed, facilitates the correction of irregularities and inaccuracies in adjudging the prizes.

The attendance of visitors during the entire day was very large, and there was a sufficient variety of entertainments to give pleasure to all spectators. While the shooting was progressing in one part of the grounds, exhibitions of tight-rope walking, sack-racing, and athletic evolutions, drew a large crowd of the visitors to a shaded lawn near by, and the music-loving portion of the company were treated to an excellent orchestra concert at the Fest Halle. The shooting closed at seven o'clock precisely, and the sharpshooters proceeded to the Gabentempel, in front of the hotel, where the prizes were distributed to the victorious members, amid demonstrations of great enthusiasm.

POPPING THE QUESTION.

THE subject is too interesting to be introduced by any sage remarks. And yet it is important. Sometimes, many times, a man's happiness has depended on his manner of "popping the question." Many a time the girl has said "No!" because the question was so worded that the affirmative did not come from the mouth naturally; and two lives that gravitated to each other with all their inward force, have been thrown suddenly apart, because the electric keys were not carefully touched.

Another writer corroborates this statement. "Often times," says he, "a girl says 'no' to an offer, when it is as plain as the nose on her face she means 'yes.' The best way to judge whether she is in earnest or not, is to look straight into her eyes, and never mind her noes."

There are some people that never "pop the question" but once. They are cautious; they love with their whole hearts before they ask that all-important question, and they never love again. Others go through life, "popping" in every girl they are fortunate enough to be introduced to, and to be treated civilly by: and are never answered "Yes."

He that says bluntly, "Will you marry me?" has no music in his soul, or is a widower courting a housewife.

"Popping the question," in Peru, is very romantic. The suitor appears on the appointed evening, with a gayly-dressed troubadour, under the balcony of his beloved. The singer steps before the flower bedecked window, and sings her beauties in the name of her lover. He compares her size to that of a palm-tree, her lips to two blushing rosebuds, and her womanly form to that of the dove. With assumed harshness, the lady asks the lover, "Who are you, and what do you want?" He answers, with ardent confidence, "The dove I do adore! The stars live in the harmony of love, and why should we not, too, love each other?" Then the proud beauty gives herself away; she takes her flower-wreath from her hair, and throws it down to her lover, promising to be his forever.

Some people consider these matters very philosophically. A love-smitten professor in one of our colleges, after conversing awhile with his Dulcinea on the interesting topic of matrimony, concluded at last with a declaration, and put the emphatic question of "Will you have me?" "I am sorry to disappoint you," replied the lady, "and hope my refusal will not give pain, but must answer 'no.' " "Well, well, that will do, madame," said her philosophical lover; "and now suppose we change the subject."

A gentleman known by the name of Dodd, who is a matter-of-fact business man, who always sets his goods at the lowest cash price, began to get rather advanced in years. He called on a lady friend, and inquired of her what she thought about the advisability of his getting married. "Oh, Mr. Dodd, that is an affair in which I am not greatly interested, and I prefer to leave it to yourself." "But," says Dodd, "you are interested; and, my dear girl, will you marry me?" The young lady blushed, hesitated, and finally, as Dodd was very well to do in the world, she accepted him. Whereupon the matter-of-fact Dodd coolly responded, "Well, well, I'll look about; and if I don't find anybody that suits me better than you, I'll come back."

The ladies are sometimes proficent in urging men to ask the questions, which, by etiquette, they are not allowed to ask themselves. A lover, vainly trying to explain some scientific theory to his fair innamorata, said, "The question is difficult, and I don't see what I can do to make it clear." "Suppose you pop it," whispered the blushing damsel.

"Miss Brown," said a young fellow to a brisk brunette, "I have been to learn to tell fortunes. Just let me have your hand, if you please." "Let Mr. White, how sudden you are! Well, go and ask papa."

That reminds us of a story of Professor Wilson. A young man who had gained the affections of his daughter, waited upon "papa" and stated his case, of which the professor had a previous inkling. The young gentleman was directed to desire the lady to come to her father, and, doubtless, her obedience was prompt. Professor Wilson had before him, in review, some work, on the fly-leaf of which was duly inscribed, "With our author's compliments." He tore this out, pinned it to his daughter's dress, solemnly led her to her young lover, and went back to his work.

A Ladies' Fair in Prussia.

A CORRESPONDENT describing the Fair of the Queen of Prussia, and Berlin, says:

The wittiest ladies were placed in charge of the stands containing the least valuable goods, but their merry sallies always attracted the crowd, and they managed to sell as much as their sisters at their more valuable stands. There was, especially, one young lady whose amusing replies were a constant source of amusement for the bystanders, and who was patronized more liberally than any of her fair colleagues. She was never at a loss for a striking reply, and she managed to dispose of her stock of goods at enormous prices and with wonderful rapidity. An old gentleman, who was quite fascinated by her, took heart, and asked her:

"Tell me if you sell kisses too?"

"Of course," replied the young lady.

"What is the price of your kisses?"

"A hundred dollars apiece, cash, in advance."

"Here are the hundred dollars," said the aged adorer of the lady.

But instead of the kiss he expected, he saw, to his dismay, that the young lady kissed her little white hands with her charming lips to him, amid the loud cheers of the bystanders, and then took the hundred dollars, as coolly as if she had sold something at a very low price.

No less fortunate was her fair neighbor, of whom the Turkish Ambassador bought a small bust of the Queen, for which he paid her five hundred Fredericks d'or. Under these circumstances a third party needed not to be very angry with Baron von Rotschild, who paid her one gold piece for her photograph. Fifty-two thousand dollars were taken in six days, the lottery yielding probably as much more. So crowded were the rooms every evening that oftentimes admittance had to be refused to a large number of persons, and the repeated attempts to prevent the hall from being over-crowded, by raising the price of admission, failed entirely of its purpose.

SOME one looking at a rich man, said: "Poor man, he toiled day and night until he was forty, to gain his wealth, and he has been watching it day and night ever since for his victuals and clothes."



THE CAMEL AT CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK.

Central Park Improvements—The Mineral Spring Pavilion of Central Park—The Children's Play House—The Camel.

We give in to-day's paper an illustration of the "Mineral Spring Pavilion of Central Park," which has just been erected in the most delightful part of the Park. Some time since several of the most eminent physicians of the city expressed, in a memorial to the Central Park Board of Commissioners, their approval of "an establishment where springs and wells of artificial mineral waters, such as Seltzer, Vichy, Kissengen, Congress, etc., may be dispensed to convalescents and invalids, as well as to the public generally," and their belief "that the results, in the increased health and satisfaction of the people, must be very great from the use of such waters, in connection with exercise in the open air."

The Board of Commissioners, acting upon this, granted to Messrs. Schultz & Walker, of this city, a firm of high reputation, engaged in the manufacture of mineral waters, permission to erect on the Park an establishment of this kind.

Nature has treasured up in different portions of the earth many springs, whose waters act as healing and curative agents upon the human system. The remoteness, however, of these waters from the thoroughfares of life, precludes many from testing their healing influences; but this trouble has been overcome by the mineral spring of Central Park, and that lovely Eden, with its many natural attractions and lovely walks, is now also devoted to the direct promotion of health in our community.

By agreement with the Board, Messrs. Schultz & Walker have erected, at their own expense, and at a cost of over \$30,000, the Pavilion which we have to-day illustrated. The scenery around it is lovely, a large common stretching in front, the "casino," a short distance to the left, and the lake lying at the base of the hill upon which it is situated.

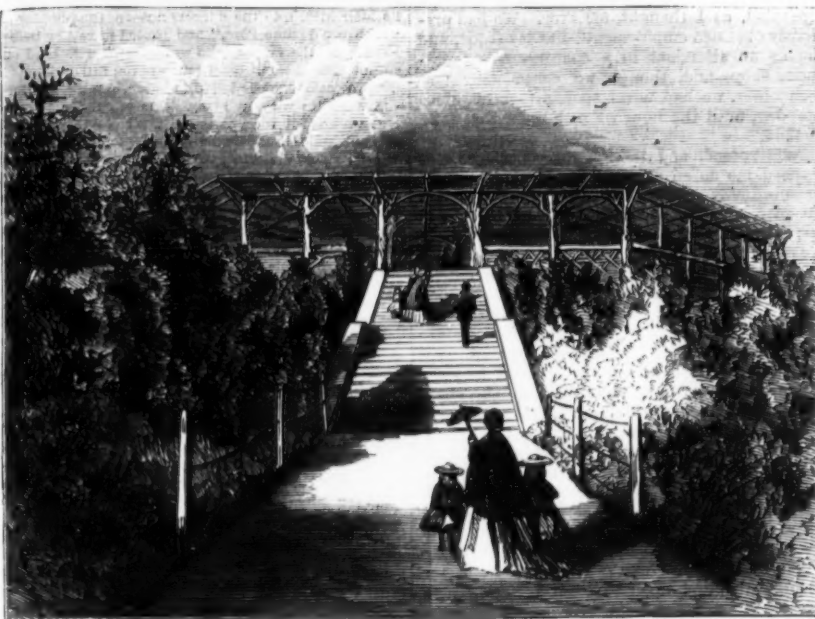
The edifice is of the Italian villa style, and exceedingly handsome, being at the same time a beautiful as well as useful ornament to our lovely Park.

In connection with the subject of improvements at Central Park, we give an engraving representing the picturesque structure designed as a play-house for the juvenile visitors at the Park. Nothing in more graceful accordance with the purposes of health and recreation to which the Central Park is devoted could have been introduced into the plan of that vast and beautiful institution; for, in making the children of our population healthy and happy, we promote the health of the community, at least in the coming generation.

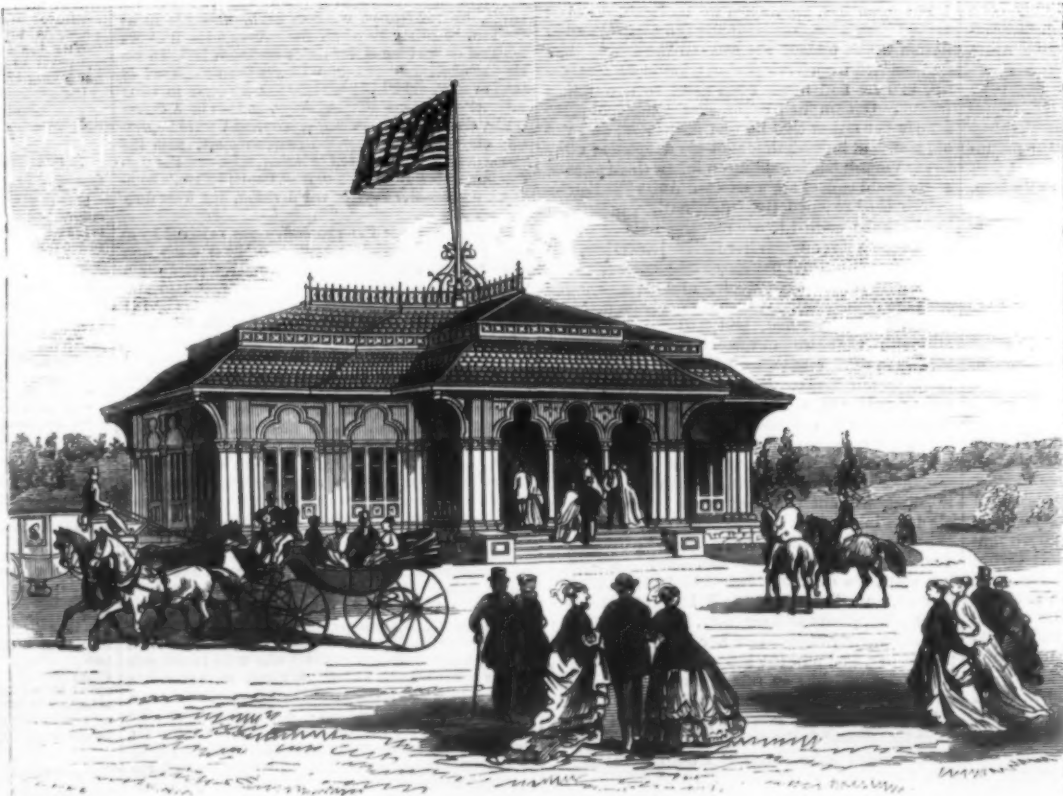
We give also a picture of one of the attractions of the Park—not entirely a new feature, but still worthy of illustration—the camel. This humped favorite of visitors lends too much interest to the locality to be ignored in our columns.

IDEAL WOMEN.

In Italy (says the *Saturday Review*), the ideal woman is a fiery patriot. In Poland she is a patriot also, but of a more etherealized kind, resenting Russian tyranny with subtle feminine scorn, and living in perpetual music and mourning. The Spanish ideal is a rich and passionate beauty, who always needs looking after. That of the French is a feverish little creature, full of nervous energy, but without muscular force; of frail health and feeble organization; a prey to morbid fancies, which she has no strength to control or to re-



THE CHILDREN'S PLAY HOUSE, CENTRAL PARK.



SELTZER SPRING PAVILION, CENTRAL PARK.

alist; now weeping away her life in the pain of finding that her husband, a man gross and material because husband, does not understand her; now sighing over her in the arms of the lover who does; without reasoning faculties, but with divine intuitions that are as good as revelations; without cool judgement, but with the light of burning passions that guide her just as well; thinking by her heart, yet carrying the most refined metaphysics into her love; subtle; incomprehensible by the coarser brain of man; a creature born to bewilder and to be misled, to love and to be adored, to madden men, and to be destroyed by them. The real French woman is altogether the reverse from this imaginary one. She is a shrewd, calculating, unromantic being, with a hard face and keen eyes, who for the most part makes a good practical wife to her common-sense middle-aged husband. She thinks more of her social position than of her feelings, more of her children than of her lovers, more of her purse than of her heart, and her great object of life is a struggle for centuries.

The ideal of the German, according to this authority, is of two kinds. The one is a broad-faced housewife, who cooks good dinners at small cost, and mends the family linen as religiously as if this were the eleventh commandment, specially appointed for feminine fingers to keep. The most perfect type of this sort of female is Charlotte, cutting bread and butter. The other German ideal is represented by Bettina, full of mind and aesthetics and heart-uplifting love, yearning after the infinite, with holes in her stockings and her shoes worn down at the heel. For what are coarse material mendings to the æsthetic soul yearning after the infinite, and worshipping at the feet of the prophet? The American, like the German, is said to revere two ideals. One is a clever manager, with a good executive faculty in the matters of cooking and sewing; the other, an aspiring soul, who yearns after the morally vast and sublime, and, putting her aspirations into deeds, goes out into the world to do battle with the sins of society, as editress, preacher or stump orator.

AN ENOCH ARDEN CASE.—Some years ago Paris Shirley married a Miss Tate (stepdaughter of Richard Houston) near Bloomington, Indiana. Some time after the marriage, Shirley removed to Illinois, where, in the course of time, he bought a drove of cattle, and after sending his wife and two or three children back to Bloomington, to remain with their friends until his return, he started with his cattle to California. A short distance beyond Salt Lake City he was captured by the Flathead Indians, and his cattle confiscated. He remained in captivity some eight or ten years. During all this time his friends heard not a word from him, and he was supposed to be dead. In the meantime, his wife sought and obtained a divorce, and was married about a year ago, and removed with her husband to Illinois. And now comes the sorrowful part of the story. Shirley recently returned to his father's (John Shirley's), near Bloomington, in bright anticipation of a happy meeting with his beloved wife and children, and when told that his wife was married, he wept like a child. We learn that he has written his late wife a letter, alleging that he has the oldest claim, but the courts can afford no relief. So closely did the "redskins" keep Mr. S. confined, that he never heard a word of the rebellion until he made his escape, only a short time ago. He bears upon his person unmistakable evidence of hard treatment, but he considers this a small matter when compared to the loss of the mother of his children.

HOME INCIDENTS, ACCIDENTS, &c



RESCUE OF A MANIAC FROM THE FLAMES.

HOME INCIDENTS.

Rescue of a Maniac from the Flames.
A fire broke out on the third floor of the five-story brick building, No. 113 Elm street, at an early hour on the morning of the 10th inst., and although the firemen arrived promptly at the alarm, the flames spread with a rapidity that threatened to cut off all means of escape for the occupants of the premises. Those living on the lower floors had little difficulty in gaining the street, but as there was only a single entrance to the building, and that a hall-way about four feet wide, several fami-

ing movements as if about to jump to the ground. Firemen were ordered to the roof of the adjoining building, but it was found impossible to extricate the woman, owing to the difference in the height of the two buildings. A hole was battered through the wall,



CAGING A WIFE.

lies, occupying apartments on the upper floors, had considerable trouble in reaching the passage and forcing their way through the dense volume of smoke that enveloped them. Among the occupants of the building was a Mrs. Schoenwitz, who had been subject to aberration of mind for several months. When aroused by her husband, the discovery of the fire rendered her a maniac, and she positively refused to leave the room. She resisted all his efforts to drag her forth, and after the heat and smoke compelled him to leave her to her fate, she ran to the window shrieking loudly, and mak-



THE HOMICIDE IN RIVINGTON STREET, NEW YORK CITY. PETER TRACY SHOT DEAD IN A RESTAURANT, JUNE 30TH.

and a party of men crawled through, and after a hard struggle, succeeded in overpowering the unfortunate woman and carrying her from the dangerous situation. Although greatly exhausted from inhaling the smoke, she sustained no serious injuries.

to the legal authorities, that her husband might be bound over to keep the peace toward her, his conduct having long since become intolerable. One of his favorite diversions, whenever she desired to enjoy a quiet promenade, was to confine her at home. He had



"GRIP" INTENT ON SUICIDE.

Caging a Wife.

A singular mode of rendering a wife submissive to the will of her husband was recently put into practice in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. The particulars were brought out by an appeal on the part of the lady in question

purchased a huge crockery crate, and had it conveyed into the bedroom, and placed in the darkest corner of the room. Into this rough receptacle he was in the habit of driving his wife, and was always sure to fasten the door by means of two chains and padlocks attached. Through the bars, some articles of clothing, a needle, and a spool of cotton, were usually passed, and there the "lady of the house" was obliged to sit, awaiting the pleasure of her husband before she could be free, and relieving the discomfort and anguish of her confinement by sewing. The husband acknowledged that he had been in the habit of locking his wife



DEATH AT THE CARD-TABLE.

in the crate, but declared that it was done solely to keep her at home, and prevent her disgracing the family name by becoming intoxicated. He had tried coaxing and threatening, but they did no good. He had tried locking her up in a room, but she always managed to get out in some way. Then he tried locking her up in the crockery crate, and that worked to perfection. Notwithstanding the earnestness of his defense, he was fined five dollars and costs, and placed under heavy bonds not to lock his wife up in the crate for a period of six months.



THE BULL "REBEL" REBELLIOUS.



AN EXCITING RUNAWAY ACCIDENT.

The Homicide in Rivington Street, New York City.—Peter Tracey Shot Dead in a Restaurant, June 30th.

At an early hour of Tuesday evening, June 30th, Peter Tracey, a politician of considerable note in the Tenth Ward, and the keeper of the liquor and billiard saloon No. 190 Bowery, was shot dead in the restaurant kept by Mrs. Oesser, at No. 3 Rivington street. The deed was committed by a respectable and hard-working German named Emil Zinsmann, who had, according to custom, entered the premises for supper. While Zinsmann was quietly eating, Tracey entered the restaurant, and took a seat at the same table. He appeared intoxicated, and in a few moments commenced abusing the German in a very excited manner. The man, knowing no provocation for the attack upon his character, endeavored to put an end to the interview, and walked off to another part of the room. Tracey followed him, and continued his insinuations, applying in addition epithets of the vilest nature. Zinsmann repeatedly warned Tracey to desist from his insulting conduct, but to no purpose. Tracey grew more furious, and watching his opportunity, he seized Zinsmann by the throat, and struck him several blows in the face. A scuffle then ensued, and they both fell to the floor, the German being underneath. Tracey still grasped him tightly about the throat, and it is said, threatened to kill him on the spot. Fearing the threat would be put into execution, or that he would be strangled to death, Zinsmann drew a revolver, and fired two shots at his assailant, who released his grasp, and rolled over dead. Zinsmann, and two witnesses, were conducted to the Essex Market Police Station, and locked up, and the remains of Tracey were taken to the station-house, and removed thence to his late residence, for burial.

The Bull "Rebel" Rebellious.

A large number of sporting men assembled at the Greenland Race course, near Louisville, Ky., a few days ago, and gave an exhibition of those wild and dangerous pastimes that we had supposed were either buried in the past or restricted to a more barbarous race of human beings. Among the scenes, of which many were of the most revolting and cruel nature, was one in which a monster bull was introduced into a large ring. The animal was fastened to a stake by a long rope, and several bulldogs were thrown toward him, to arouse his anger and make him exhibit his spirit. The dogs were tossed about by the bull, which in a short time became very furious, and dashed around the ring in a frightful manner. He leaped and plunged, throwing the yelling dogs into the air, and trampling them down as they fell. In one of his frenzied plunges he broke loose from his fastenings, and darted into the midst of the group of delighted spectators before they could comprehend their danger. A terrible scene ensued. In his mad rush the bull tossed a large box, on which a number of persons were seated, and the unlucky ones were tumbled violently over each other in the dust. The people behind the ropes became panic-stricken, and a large number of horses attached to buggies and carriages took fright, throwing the whole mass together with a terrible crash, while all who could, fled in terror. The furious animal was captured, and led within the ring, where the fight with the dogs was resumed amid the applause of those who had been foremost in the stampede. The dogs fought gamely, and their antagonist came from the fight quite fresh, and pawing the earth in triumph.

"Grip" Intent on Suicide.

Since the edict went forth that all dogs found running loose in the streets, without being properly secured by a wire muzzle fastened about the mouth, should be arrested and conveyed to the dog-pound, there has been a marked diminution in the number of worthless curs that prowl around our busy thoroughfares, snapping and snarling at all persons. What the police fail to do in this matter is certainly being accomplished by an army of youngsters, equally snappish and repugnant in their appearance with the victims of their sudden and successful raids. The privilege, now officially given, of securing all dogs whose masters have not provided them with the necessary muzzles, is of itself sufficient to attract the attention of hundreds of those spry, saucy little fellows who steal our boxes and barrels on election days, and come to our doors begging for food when their blazing bonfires have been reduced to a heap of charcoal and dust. But when this privilege is coupled with a reward, when the sum of twenty-five cents is allowed for every dog brought to the pound, the sport becomes a matter of business, and as such is driven with remarkable zest. While destruction seems to await every dog who is homeless and friendless, the sight of a solitary animal walking of his own will up to the pound, is suggestive of a melancholic, suicidal spirit, to which we have believed man only was heir. Yet such a case actually occurred but a few days ago, the dog marching slowly, as if realizing the sacrifice about to be made, and giving several low growls at the entrance to the building, which seemed to imply: "You have doomed a portion of my race to destruction. You have not sought me from among my ill-fated companions, but I come of my own accord; I have no fear; do your worst."

Death at the Card Table.

Dr. Sylvester W. Miller, Circuit and County Clerk of Wayne County, Missouri, was assassinated while in a saloon at Greenville, the county seat, on the 20th ult. He had been engaged more than an hour with a party of gentlemen friends in a social game of cards, and occupied a position at the table within two or three feet of an open window. While in the act of taking some cards from the table, an unknown figure approached the window and fired at him, the ball taking effect in the head and causing instant death. The night was very dark, and the company too much paralyzed to start in pursuit of the treacherous assassin. A few days before Dr. Miller left his residence at Patterson, about ten miles from his Greenville office, he expressed apprehensions of danger, saying he knew there was a plot laid to kill him at the first opportunity, but that his duty to his State prevented his succumbing to his personal feelings.

An Exciting Runaway Accident.

Several days ago a drayman, living in Hartford, Conn., was employed to remove a quantity of chairs from a large manufactory, to Cedar Hill Cemetery, where they were to be used in the ceremony of dedication. As he was driving his first load to the cemetery, one or two of the chairs fell from the wagon, striking his horses on the back, and starting them off on a furious gallop down the street. The man was unable to check the animals, and they dashed on toward the Centre church, scattering the chairs in all directions. On their arrival in front of the church, the runaways collided with another wagon, completely demolishing it, and burying the horses under a huge pile of chairs. The drayman kept a tight rein during the exciting dash, and as the horses were about starting off again, after the collision, he walked along the pole of the wagon, and, seizing the animals by the bit-reins, succeeded in bringing their rampage to an end.

LORILLARD'S YACHT CLUB PIPE.

A GENUINE MEERSCHAUM.



ORDERS

FOR THESE
Elegant Pipes

ARE PLACED DAILY

IN THE VARIOUS SIZED PACKAGES OF

LORILLARD'S YACHT CLUB SMOKING TOBACCO.

THE YACHT CLUB SMOKING TOBACCO

IS MADE OF THE BEST SMOKING LEAF IN THE WORLD. AFTER AN original process, exclusively our own, whereby ALL POISONOUS NICOTINE IS EXTRACTED; it is henceforth unsurpassed in aromatic flavor, anti-nervous effects, and soothing qualities. It is put up in various sized tins, in which we PACK DAILY a certain number of orders for GENUINE MEERSCHAUM PIPES, beautifully covered, after an original and appropriate design, by Kaldenberg & Son, who warrant every pipe the purest material. Parties finding orders, by enclosing same to us, endorsed with their full address, will receive their pipes by express.

YACHT CLUB SMOKING TOBACCO

IS SOLD BY ALL RESPECTABLE DEALERS.

P. LORILLARD,

16, 18, and 20 Chambers Street, N. Y.

ESTABLISHED 1861.

Great American Tea Company

RECEIVE THEIR

TEAS BY THE CARGO

FROM THE

Best Tea Districts of China and Japan.

AND SELL THEM IN QUANTITIES TO SUIT CUSTOMERS

AT CARGO PRICES.

THE COMPANY HAVE SELECTED

the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of clubs. They are sold at cargo prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show.

PRICE LIST OF TEAS.

OOLONG (Black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best \$1 per lb.
MIXED (Green and Black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best \$1 per lb.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST, (Black) 80c., 90c., \$1, \$1.10, best \$1.20 per lb.
IMPERIAL (Green), 80c., 90c., \$1, \$1.10, best \$1.25 per lb.
YOUNG HYSON (Green), 80c., 90c., \$1, \$1.10, best \$1.25 per lb.
UNCOLORED JAPAN, 90c., \$1, \$1.10, best \$1.25 per lb.
GUNPOWDER, (Green), \$1.25, best \$1.50 per lb.

Coffees Roasted and Ground Daily.

Ground Coffee, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c., best 40c. per pound. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-House Keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our French Breakfast and Dinner Coffee, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction. ROASTED, (Unground), 30c., 35c., best 40c. per lb. GREEN, (Unroasted), 25c., 30c., 35c., best 40c. per lb.

Parties sending club or other orders for less than \$30, had better send a Post Office draft or money with their orders, to save the expense of collections by Express, but larger orders we will forward by Express, to collect on delivery.

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the Club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary packages for Clubs of less than \$30.

Parties getting their Teas of us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom House stores to our warehouses.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory they can be returned at our expense within 30 days, and have the money refunded.

N. B.—Inhabitants of villages and towns where a large number reside, by clubbing together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third (besides the Express charge) by sending directly to "The Great American Tea Company."

BEWARE of all concerns that advertise themselves as branches of our Establishment, or copy our name either wholly or in part, as they are bogus or imitations. We have no branches, and do not, in any case, authorize the use of our name.

Post-office orders and drafts make payable to the order of "The Great American Tea Company." Direct letters and orders (as below, no more, no less).

Great American Tea Company,

Nos. 81 & 83 VESEY STREET.

Post Office Box, 5,643, New York City.

Superior Imitation Gold Hunting Watches.

THE OROIDE WATCH FACTORY.



OROIDE CASES, a newly discovered composition, known only to our selves, precisely like gold in appearance, keeping its color as long as worn, and as well finished as the best gold ones. These watches are in hunting cases made at our own Factory, from the best materials, of the latest and most approved styles, are jeweled, and well-finished, with a view to the best results in regard to wear and time. For appearance, durability, and time, they have never been equaled by watches costing five times as much. Each one warranted by special certificate to keep accurate time. Price \$15. Gentlemen's and Ladies' sizes. For this small sum any one can have an excellent watch, equal in appearance, and as good for time, as a gold one costing \$150. Also, Oroide Chains, as well made as those of gold, from \$2 to \$6. Goods sent to any part of the United States by express. Money need not be sent with the order, as the bills can be paid when the goods are delivered by the express. Customers must pay ALL the express charges.

C. E. COLLINS & CO., 37 and 39 Nassau St., N. Y., Opposite P. O. (up stairs).

TO CLUBS—Where SIX WATCHES are ordered at one time, we will send one EXTRA WATCH, making SEVEN WATCHES FOR NINETY DOLLARS.

CAUTION. Since our Oroide Watches have attained so high a reputation and the demand for them has greatly increased, many persons are offering common and worthless watches for sale, representing them to be Oroide Watches, in some instances stating that they are our Agents. We will state most positively that we employ no Agents, and that no one else does or can make Oroide; consequently these representations are false. The genuine Oroide Watches can only be obtained by ordering directly from us.

The People have been so much imposed upon by several worthless Sarsaparillas, that we are glad to be able to recommend a preparation which can be depended on as containing the virtues of that invaluable medicine, and is worthy of the public confidence. DR. AYER'S SARSAPARILLA cures when anything can cure the diseases that require an alternative medicine.

ELMIRA FEMALE COLLEGE.—This fully chartered college offers superior advantages for the most extensive and thorough education of young ladies, who may enter either the College, Eclectic, Academic or Musical departments. Terms moderate. Send for a circular, to Rev. A. W. COWLES, D. D., President, Elmira, N. Y.

S. T.—1860.—X.

"THE SWEETEST THING IN LIFE"

is good health and good spirits, and if you have them not, the next best thing is what will restore bloom to the faded cheek and happiness to the drooping heart. The great and sure remedy is Plantation Bitters, which our physicians recommend to both male and female patients, as a safe, reliable, agreeable, and cordial stimulant. They contain nothing to disagree with the most delicate constitution, and have won golden opinions from all who have tried them; and probably no article was ever tried by so many persons. They elevate the depressed and give strength to the weak.

MAGNOLIA WATER.—A delightful toilet article—superior to Cologne, and at half the price.

SOZODONT.

THE ONLY TRUE DENTIFRICE known.

PERFUMES the BREATH,
BEAUTIFIES and PRESERVES
THE TEETH,
FROM YOUTH to Old Age.

Sold all around the world.

THE GERMAN CATHARTIC

Lozenge for Constipation and its attendant evils. Recommended by the highest medical faculty. Sold by all Druggists at 35c. per box. Sent to any address on receipt of 50c. DUBOIS & PLATT, 46 Day street, N. Y.

INVENTORS WANTING PATENTS,

Send for Circulars to DODGE & MUNN, 482 7th St., Washington, D. C.



PRICES FROM \$3 TO \$10 PER 100.

We will send to any address, postpaid, One Sample, 25c., Three Samples, 50c., with Price List.

All moneys sent by Post-Office Order at our risk. We guarantee full amount in goods, at lowest rates, for all money sent. RICHARDS & MARKT, 55 Murray street, New York.

P. O. Box 3,131.

ALL FOR \$5.

One Piece Bleached Sheeting,

OR

One Piece Brown Sheeting,

And Descriptive Slips of SIXTY ARTICLES for sale at ONE DOLLAR each, will be sent to any person that will send us FIVE DOLLARS.

THIS BEATS ALL THE
REVOLUTIONS IN TRADE
EVER HEARD OF IN THE WORLD!

WE ARE COMING

TO OFFER BETTER BARGAINS

Than any other Dollar Concern in the Country!

We send DESCRIPTIVE SLIPS and a PRINTED SCHEDULE of Goods we have for sale at ONE DOLLAR EACH.

Free of All Charges!

We do not require any one to send us ten cents in advance (or \$10 either) and then send a printed slip stating that the person can receive for One Dollar a Toy Flute valued at \$3, but really worth but 10 cents, or a Perfumed Glove Box worth but 25 cents.

We use no such trash in OUR DOLLAR SALE. Our Circulars state fair and square the articles which will be sent for the money received.

Send us \$5 and give us a Trial, or be sure and send for a Circular before ordering Elsewhere.

FARNHAM & CO.,

No. 24 Friend Street, Boston, Mass.

MOWING MACHINE SECTIONS.

SWEET, BARNES & CO., Syracuse, N. Y., will furnish Sections, either smooth or sickled, to repair the knife of any Mowing Machine. In ordering sections send to us by mail a diagram of the section wanted, which is easily made by marking around an old one, and through the rivet-holes with a pencil. Where this is done, we will guarantee the sections we send to fit on the bar, and we can, if requested, send rivets for putting the sections on. State the number of sections wanted, and we can usually ship them on receipt of order, by express, to collect on delivery. We have one uniform price for Sections and Rivets, varying according to size, viz.: Sections, 13 to 25 cents each; Rivets, 25 cents per pound, or for less quantity, four Rivets for a cent. Address SWEET, BARNES & CO., Syracuse, N. Y.

\$10 TO \$20 A DAY SURE, AND NO

money required in advance. Agents wanted everywhere, male and female, to sell our Patent Everlasting White Wire Clothes Lines. Address THE AMERICAN WIRE CO., 75 William St., N. Y., or 16 Dearborn street, Chicago.

INDELIBLE PENCILS

For Marking Clothing, &c.,

Single, 50c.; 3 for \$1; per doz., \$2 75; per grs. \$28.

For Writing on Wood,

Single, 60c.; two for \$1; per dozen, \$4.

Sent, freight prepaid, on receipt of price.

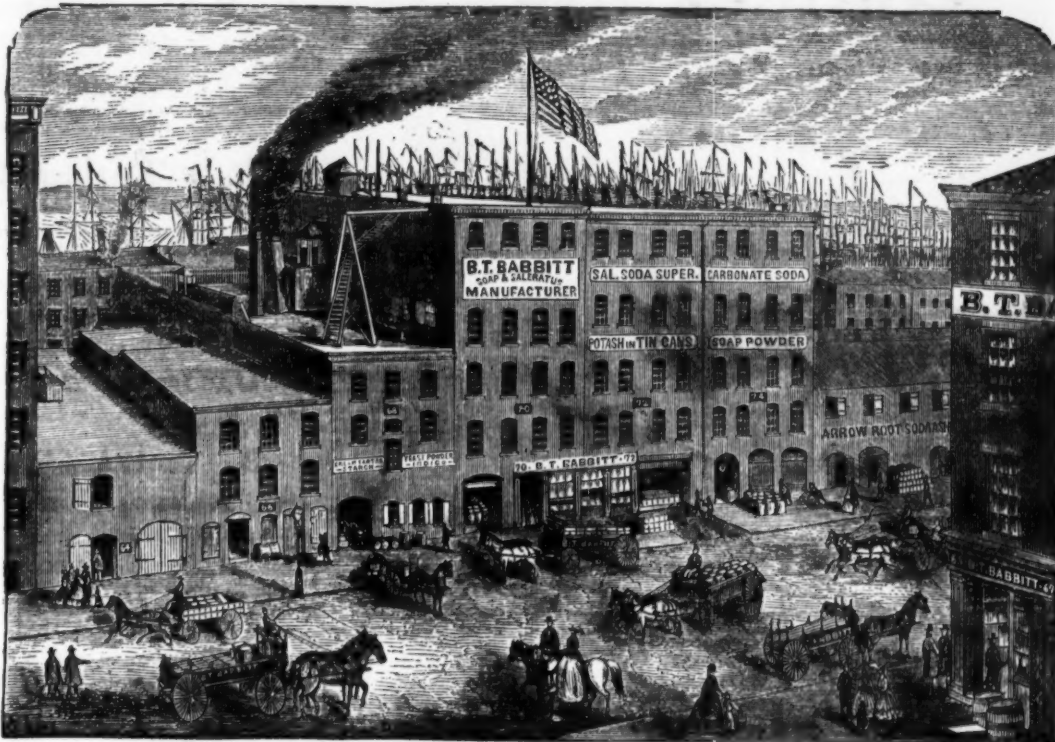
"More convenient than ink."—Am. Agriculturist.
"Invaluable for marking linen."—Chicago Tribune.

Manufactured and sold by the INDELIBLE PENCIL CO., NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

Sold by Stationers and Dealers everywhere.

INDIGESTION.—Very many persons are constant sufferers from indigestion, and consequent debility; particularly those of sedentary habits, and delicate females. Spear's "Standard Wine Bitters" are an all sufficient antidote to their ailments and debility. Give them a judicious trial. Sold by druggists.

Holloway's Ointment.—Uncertainty is the bane of life; but there is no uncertainty as to the curative action of this Ointment, for fever sores and all external inflammations.



WASHING WITHOUT LABOR!

SOMETHING NEW!

B. T. BABBITT'S CELEBRATED SOAP POWDER.

**Warranted to remove DIRT and STAINS of every kind,
leaving the linen perfectly
CLEAN AND WHITE.**

DIRECTIONS FOR USE:

To each six quarts of cold water required to cover the clothes, add two table-spoonfuls of this SOAP POWDER, first dissolved in two quarts of boiling water; mix this thoroughly with the cold water, put in the clothes, and let them soak over night. Then rub the dirt streaks and give them a thorough rinsing in the pounding barrel or other vessel. Next put them in the boiler with clean water, and a little of the Powder, and after boiling for a short time, all dirt and stains will be removed, leaving the clothes

EXCEEDINGLY WHITE.

Now rinse and blue as usual. The same water will answer a second time, if the clothes are not very dirty; it will likewise be found excellent for washing floors and any painted work. If the clothes have not been soaked over night, they can be made perfectly clean by using a LITTLE MORE OF THE POWDER when boiling, or by boiling in two waters.

THIS POWDER IS WARRANTED NOT TO ROT OR INJURE THE CLOTHES.

It leaves no unpleasant odor, REMOVES BLEACHING UNNECESSARY, DEFENSES WITH RUBBING, except for articles specially soiled, while the cost of the material for doing THE WASHING OF TEN PERSONS WILL NOT EXCEED TWO CENTS. ONE PAPER OF THIS POWDER will make twelve quarts of the best FAMILY SOFT SOAP.

DIRECTIONS FOR USE:

Mix together six quarts of water and one paper of the Powder, and let them boil about two minutes; then add six quarts of cold water, stir them intimately together, and set the vessel away in a cool place where it will not freeze; when cold, you will have a very thick and nice WHITE SOAP. This soap will wash well, and will not EAT the hands like other soft soap, nor ROT the clothes. By making the Powder into six quarts of soap, it can be used with Hard or Seawater. The Soft Soap is best adapted for washing Calico and Woolen Goods. To prevent disappointment or imposition, be sure and get

B. T. BABBITT'S SOAP POWDER!

For Sale everywhere. If your Grocer does not keep it and will not get it for you, send your orders direct to the
Factory.

B. T. BABBITT, Manufacturer,
Nos. 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 72 & 74 WASHINGTON
ST., and 43 & 44 WEST ST., NEW YORK.

B. T. BABBITT'S ARTICLES of EVERY DAY USE,

Put Up in Cases to Meet the Wants of Families.

FIVE DOLLAR CASE.

½ lb. Best Superfine Tea.....	75
3 lb. Pure "Lion Coffee".....	1 50
1 lb. Yeast Powder.....	75
8 lbs. Labor Saving Union Soap.....	96
1 lb. Pure Saleratus.....	16
1 lb. Pure Potash.....	22
1 Paper "Soap Powder".....	16
4 Cakes Best Toilet Soap.....	50
	\$5 00

TEN DOLLAR CASE.

1 lb. Superfine Tea.....	1 50
4 lbs. Pure "Lion Coffee".....	2 00
2 lbs. Best Granulated Sugar.....	36
1 lb. Best Starch.....	13
2 lbs. Yeast Powder.....	1 50
20 lbs. Labor Saving Union Soap.....	2 40
2 lbs. Pure Saleratus.....	30
2 lbs. Pure Potash.....	44
3 Papers "Soap Powder".....	45
8 Cakes Best Toilet Soap.....	1 00
	\$10 08

If you cannot obtain the goods of your grocer, send your orders direct to the Factory, and the case will be forwarded by Express to any part of the United States. Any person ordering TEN CASES will receive a PREMIUM OF ONE EXTRA CASE.

Express charges to be paid by the purchaser.

B. T. BABBITT'S LION COFFEE.

This Coffee is roasted, ground and sealed HERMETICALLY IN CANS containing ONE POUND; all the Aroma and delicacy of flavor are thereby preserved, and the Coffee presents a rich, glossy appearance. Every family should use it, as it is from Fifteen to Twenty per Cent. stronger than other pure Coffee. It is packed in cases of Ten, Twenty-four, Forty, and Sixty Pounds, Price Fifty Cents per pound. One Can in every 24 lb. Case, two Cans in every 40 lb. Case, and three Cans in every 60 lb. Case, contain a ONE DOLLAR GREENBACK.

Use B. T. Babbitt's Pure Concentrated Potash, or Ready Soap-Maker.

Warranted double the strength of common Potash, and superior to any other Saponifier or ley in the market. Put up in cans of 1 lb., 2 lbs., 3 lbs., 6 lbs., and 12 lbs., with full directions in English and German, for making Hard and Soft Soap. One lb. will make 15 gallons of Soft Soap. No lime is required. Consumers will find this the cheapest Potash in market.

B. T. BABBITT'S LABOR-SAVING UNION SOAP.

B. T. BABBITT has for a long time been experimenting, and has now produced an article of Soap that is composed of the best washing material, and at the same time will not Rot or injure the clothes in the least possible degree. He stamps his name on each bar, and guarantees that the Soap will not injure the most delicate fabric, while it will be found to be the most pleasant Washing Soap ever offered in market. It is made from CLEAN and PURE materials, contains no adulterations of any kind, and is especially adapted for woolens, which will not shrink after being washed with this Soap. Ask for B. T. BABBITT'S SOAP, and take no other. Each bar is wrapped in a Circular, containing full directions for use, printed in English and German. One pound of this Soap is equal to three pounds of ordinary family Soap. Directions sent in each box for making one pound of the above Soap into three gallons of handsome Soft Soap. It will remove Paint, Grease, Tar, and Stains of all kinds. It will not injure the fabric; on the contrary, it preserves it. It will wash in hard or salt water. But little labor is required where this Soap is used. Machinists and Printers will find this Soap Superior to anything in the Market.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

B. T. BABBITT, Manufacturer,
Nos. 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 72 & 74 WASHINGTON
ST., and 43 & 44 WEST ST., NEW YORK.

660 MILES

OF THE

Union Pacific Railroad,

Running West from Omaha

ACROSS THE CONTINENT,

ARE NOW FINISHED, AND THE

Whole Grand Line to the Pacific

Will soon be Completed.

The means provided for construction are ample, and there is no lack of funds for the most vigorous prosecution of the enterprise. The Company's FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS, payable, PRINCIPAL AND INTEREST IN GOLD, are now offered at 102. They pay

Six Per Cent. in Gold,

and have thirty years to run before maturing. Subscriptions will be received in New York, at the COMPANY'S OFFICE, No. 20 Nassau street, and by JOHN J. CISCO & SON, Bankers, No. 59 Wall street, and by the Company's advertised Agents throughout the United States.

A PAMPHLET AND MAP for 1868, showing the Progress of the Work, Resources for Construction, and Value of Bonds, may be obtained at the Company's Offices, or of its advertised Agents, or will be sent free by mail on application.

JOHN J. CISCO,

Treasurer, New York.

June 18th, 1868.

POISONS IN THE BLOOD

SHOULD BE DISPELLED FROM THE system at once. Do not risk your life with unreliable remedies, but use

Stafford's Iron and Sulphur Powders.

INVIGORATE THE BODY AND PURIFY THE BLOOD.

CURE THE WORST FORMS OF

Scrofula,
Salt Rheum,
Pimples on the Face,
Blotches, Sores, &c.,
Syphilis,
Mercurial Poisons,
Dyspepsia,
Regulate Bowels,
Cure Constipation,
Clear up and Beautify the Complexion.

Iron and Sulphur Powders are sold by reliable Druggists.

\$1 per Package; or enclose \$1 to us, and we will mail you free a package of twelve powders. Three Packages sent on receipt of \$2 50. Address

HALL & RUCKEL,

WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS,
218 Greenwich Street, N. Y.

PRIVATE MEDICAL BOOKS—A NEW "SPECIAL LIST," with 70 of the best works, sent on receipt of two red stamps, by FOWLER & WELLS, 389 Broadway, N. Y.

\$2.00 to \$5.00

FOR EVERY HOUR'S SERVICE, pleasant and honorable employment, without risk. Desirable for all—ladies, ministers, farmers, merchants, mechanics, soldiers, everybody. C. T. NEWELL & CO., 48 Broad street, New York.

Royal Havana Lottery.

In Drawing of April 4, 1868,	
No. 4481.....	\$150,000
No. 13854.....	60,000
No. 4492.....	25,000
No. 10169.....	25,000
No. 370.....	10,000
No. 10132.....	10,000

Being the six capital prizes. Prizes paid in gold. Information furnished. Highest rates paid for doubloons and all kinds of gold and silver.

TAYLOR & CO., Bankers, 16 Wall st., N. Y.

\$10 A DAY FOR ALL. STENCIL TOOL SAMPLES free. Address, A. J. FULLAM, Springfield, Vt.

WANTED, AGENTS TO SELL THE LIGHTNING TRAP, a WONDERFUL INVENTION. It kills Rats, Squirrels, &c.; throws them away, and sets itself. Address LIGHTNING TRAP CO., 95 Mercer street, New York.

WANTED—AGENTS TO SELL BY sample a combined SQUARE, LEVEL AND BEVEL. Great inducements offered. County Rights for sale on most liberal terms. For particulars address W. S. BATCHELDER & CO., Pittsburg, Pa.

EMPLOYMENT. \$15 to \$30 a day guaranteed. Male or Female Agents wanted in every town—descriptive circulars free. Address JAMES C. RAND & CO., Biddeford, Me.

Something New.

For Agents and Dealers to sell, 20 Novel and Useful Articles; profits large. Send stamp for circular. S. W. RICE & CO., 83 Nassau street, N. Y.

INVALIDS' WHEEL CHAIRS.

For in or outdoor use. Any one having the use of the hands can propel and guide one. Prices \$20 to \$40. INVALIDS' CARRIAGES made to order. State your case and send stamp for circular.

PATENT CANTERING HORSES, \$12 to \$25. S. W. SMITH, 90 William street, New York.

YOUNG LADIES DESIROUS OF HOLD-ing correspondence with two young gentlemen living on the Plains, can address GOODMAN GOOD-FELLOW and J. J. GOLDSMITH, post-office, Laramie City, Dakota Territory.



CHASE THEM.

FOR CAMPAIGN
MEDALS, PINS, AND BADGES
RICHARDSMARKT,
35 MURRAY ST.
N. Y.

LAUNDRY FORK

At House-furnishing Stores. Ladies inquire. Manu-
factory, 29 Cortlandt street, N. Y.



Pollak & Son, Manufact'rs
of Meerschaum (Gems). Stores: 495
Broadway, and 27 John St., middle
of block. Pipes and Holders cut to
order and repaired. All goods war-
ranted genuine. Send for wholesale
or retail circular. Box 5,846.

WANTED—AGENTS—\$175 per month,
to sell the NATIONAL FAMILY SEWING MA-
CHINE. This machine is equal to the standard
machines in every respect, and is sold at the low price of
\$20. Address NATIONAL SEWING MACHINE CO.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Campaign Sleeve Buttons.

IMITATION IVORY. PERFECT LIKE-
nesses of GRANT and CUFFS, in relief.
Red, White, Blue, Black, and Brown. \$1 pair. Sent
free on receipt of price. Large discount to the trade.
WM. M. WELLING, Patentee, 671 Broadway, New
York City. Agents Wanted.

This is no Humbug!

BY SENDING 30 CENTS AND STAMP.
With age, height, color of eyes and hair, you will
receive, by return mail, a correct picture of your
future husband or wife, with name and date of mar-
riage. Address W. FOX, P. O. Drawer No. 38, Fulton-
ville, N. Y.

TUCKER'S CELEBRATED PATENT SPRING BED.

The only Spring Bed known combining the essen-
tials of comfort, cleanliness, durability, and cheapness.
Superior to all others in the market. For sale by the prin-
cipal Furniture Dealers and the Manufacturers.
Tucker Manufacturing Co., 128 William st., N. Y.,
117 and 119 Court st., Boston.

CALENBERG & VAUPEL'S PIANOS.

Warehouses and Factory, Nos. 333 & 335 West 36th St.,
between 8th & 9th Avenues, N. Y.

WARD'S CLOTH LINED PAPER COLLARS AND CUFFS. TO BE HAD EVERYWHERE.

RETAIL, Corner of Union Square and Broadway;
also WHOLESALE and RETAIL, 367 Broadway, N. Y.

Just Out.

THE STRANGER IN THE TROPICS: A GUIDE-BOOK
FOR TRAVELERS IN COCA, PUERTO-RICO AND ST.
THOMAS; with Suggestions to Invalids (By a Physi-
cian), and Hints for Tourists. One Vol. 8vo. ILLU-
STRATED. Price, in cloth, \$1.50.
Should be read by every person with weak lungs or
disordered nervous system.
Will be sent by mail, free, on receipt of price.
FRANK LESLIE,
ILLUSTRATOR AMERICAN,
No. 691 Pearl Street, New York.

FURNITURE OF THE LATEST STYLES AT

F. KRUTINA'S

MANUFACTORY AND WAREHOUSES,
No. 98 and 98 EAST HOUSTON ST.,
Between Bowery and Second Avenue.

PRINCE & COS.
AUTOMATIC ORGANS
AND MELODEONS.
Forty thousand are now in use
BUFFALO, N. Y. CHICAGO, ILL.



TRY THE PATENT LAUNDRY
BLUEING-BAG. A perfectly pure
Soluble Indigo Blue. Superior to
all others in economy and conveni-
ence. Each Bag in a neat box.
Price 10 and 20 cents.
Sold by all Grocers, and by the
PLYMOUTH COLOR CO.,
Nos. 106 and 108 Fulton street, New
York.

Rimmel's New Perfume!

PARIS AND LONDON.



IRLANG-IRLANG,
The Flower of Flowers
(Unona odoratissima.)
This charming Per-
fume may now be had
of all first-class Drug-
gists. Special Repre-
sentative, EDWARD
GREY & CO., 34
Vesey st., New York.

ALBRO & BROTHERS,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

COFFEE, TEA, SUGAR, AND FINE WINES.

IT HAS BEEN NEARLY TWENTY YEARS SINCE WE COMMENCED OUR
present business, and during that time we have strictly adhered to the principle of *Retailing Perfectly Sound*
Goods at the **LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES FOR CASH**, and have had the satisfaction of receiving an amount of
patronage from the public that but few houses in our line of business can boast of.

This fact has confirmed our opinion, that to deal in none but **SOUND GOODS**—sell them at a small advance on
cost price—and never, under any circumstances, to sell a customer a damaged article, is the most satisfactory
and successful way of doing business.

Consequently we find it to our advantage to thoroughly examine all our invoices of **TEAS** and **COFFEES** when
first received, and all that are not perfectly sound are sent directly to the *Auction Rooms*, where they are sold to
some "Tea Company" or other dealers in damaged goods.

Our long experience in the business, and greatly increased facilities for obtaining goods **DIRECTLY** from the
countries where they are **PRODUCED**, enable us to offer **GREATER INDUCEMENTS** to CONSUMERS and
DEALERS than we have ever been able to offer them on any previous occasion.

OUR present stock of **TEAS** comprises some of the **VERY FINEST** that have been **IMPORTED** this season.
The following are the **RETAIL PRICES** of a few of these **TEAS**, to which we invite particular attention:

OOLONG TEA.

GOOD Quality	68 cents per pound.
FINE " "	80 " " "
CHOICE " "	92 " " "
BEST " "	100 " " "

YOUNG HYSON TEA.

FINE Quality	80 cents and 92 cents per pound.
CHOICE do	100 " " "
EX. CHOICE Quality	140 " " "

BLACK LEAF CONGOU.

A rich, dark-drawing TEA, much admired in England,
and other parts of Europe, 84 cents per pound.

ENGLISH BREAKFAST TEA.

GOOD Quality	72 cents per pound.
FINE " "	84 " " "
CHOICE " "	100 " " "
EXTRA CHOICE Quality	120 " " "

HYSON SKIN TEA.

A rough Leaf, but Fine Drawing TEA.
84, 92, and 100 cents per pound.

MOHEE OOLONG TEA.

A LIGHT DRAWING

BLACK TEA.

Possessing a peculiar sweetness and delicacy of flavor,
not found in any other Black Tea.

CHOICE Quality	120 cents per pound.
BEST " "	140 " " "

GREEN AND BLACK MIXED TEAS.

GOOD Quality	84 cents per pound.
FINE " "	100 " " "
CHOICE " "	120 " " "
BEST " "	140 " " "

HYSON AND IMPERIAL TEAS.

FINE Drawing 84, 92 and	100 cents per pound
CHOICE Quality	120 " " "
EXTRA CHOICE (best in Market)	140 " " "

UNCOLORED JAPAN TEA.

FINE Quality	92 cents per pound.
CHOICE " "	100 " " "
BEST in Market	120 " " "

WE take pleasure in offering these **TEAS**, as they are all **NEW, SWEET and FRAGRANT**, and **SURE** to
PLEASE. They are from 25 to 50 per cent. better in quality than **TEAS** usually sold at the above-named prices.

Old Java Coffee, THE FINEST IN MARKET, 40 cents a Pound,

Choice Old Coffee, 30 cents a Pound,

Fine Family Coffee, 20 cents a Pound,

Good Coffee, 18 cents a Pound.

PARTICULAR ATTENTION IS CALLED TO OUR STOCK OF

Choice Old Wines and Brandies, and Old Bourbon Whiskies.

ALL KINDS OF REFINED SUGARS AT THE REFINERS' LOWEST PRICES.

All country orders from clubs or individuals promptly attended to.

ALBRO & BROTHERS,

156 BOWERY,

&

254 GRAND STREET,

Fourth Door above Broome St.,

Cor. Chrystie St., N. Y.

Imitation Ivory Goods!

Great Improvements Made: Three New Patents Received.
MARTINGALE RINGS, \$18 and \$20 per single gross.
SHEET BUTTONS, red, white, blue, \$4 per gross.
BILLIARD BALLS, \$9 and \$10 per set.
CHECKS, \$8, \$10 and \$12 per 100.
Also a great variety of Ivory, Pearl, and Gilt Sleeve
Buttons, \$18 to \$150 per gross pair.
WM. M. WELLING, 671 Broadway, New York.

New Spring Goods

FOR GENTLEMEN.

ROMAN SCARFS AND TIES,

HOSIERY AND GLOVES,

AT POPULAR PRICES.

UNION ADAMS,

No. 637 Broadway.

B. T. HAYWARD,

208 BROADWAY, N. Y.,

CORNER FULTON STREET. ROOM NO. 1, UP-STAIRS.



HEADQUARTERS FOR
CAMPAIGN,
G. A. R., MASONIC, ODD
FELLOWS,
KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS
AND ALL KINDS OF
BADGES.
ALSO WATCHES, JEW-
ELRY, &c., &c.

I HAVE NOW ON HAND, AND
ready for IMMEDIATE DELIVERY, in any quantity, to
any part of the country, the **LARGEST and FINEST** as-
sortment of CAMPAIGN BADGES, MEDALS, &c., ever in-
troduced, comprising entirely unique designs, several
of which patents have been applied for. I have sixty
different designs of the candidates already nominated,
and shall have the same extensive variety of the Demo-
cratic candidates, as soon as nominated. I will send a
full set of sixty samples on the receipt of \$5, together
with my wholesale ILLUSTRATED CIRCULAR to the
Trade.

Want of Energy

IS ONE GREAT CAUSE OF MISFOR-
tune in business, as well as a neglect of household
duties. The use of Spear's "Standard Wine Bitters"
will effectually give tone and energy to the physical
powers of the system, and remove lassitude. The Peru-
vian Bark contained in them will also cure Ague.
For sale by Druggists.

CONSULAR SEAL

CHAMPAGNE

As Imported for N. Y. Union Club.

TOMES, MELVAIN & CO., No. 6 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

TARRANT'S EFFERVESCENT SELTZER APERIENT

Bottled Bliss.—It is impossible to conceive of a
more refreshing draught than is afforded by TARRANT'S
EFFERVESCENT SELTZER APERIENT, which com-
bines the advantages of a luxury with those of the
purest, safest and most genial alterative and tonic ever
administered as a cure for dyspepsia and bilious affec-
tions. Sold by all Druggists.

HEADQUARTERS

FOR ALL KINDS OF

Campaign Goods.

SEND IN YOUR ORDERS AT ONCE.

The ball is now fairly in motion, and no better op-
portunity has ever been offered for Agents to make
money. With years of experience, and the prestige of
the past, we challenge all competitors. Fifty styles of
Badges, Medals, and Pins now ready. Extraordinary
inducements to Clubs and Agents. Twelve beautiful
samples sent, postpaid, on receipt of \$2. Call upon or
address BEN. W. HITCHCOCK, Publisher and Manu-
facturer of Campaign Goods, 98 Spring street, New
York, under St. Nicholas Hotel.

WEED SEWING MACHINES.

Manufactured at Hartford, Conn. Sold at 613 Broad-
way, New York; 349 Washington st., Boston, and else-
where. Reputation as "The Best" established.

WHEATON'S OINTMENT will cure the Itch.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT will cure Salt Rheum.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures Old Sores.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures all Diseases of the Skin.
Price 50 cents; by mail 60 cents. All Druggists sell it.
WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Proprietors.



One Forward and two Backward Arches, insuring
great strength, well-balanced elasticity, evenness of
point, and smoothness of execution. Sold by all Sta-
tioners. One gross in twelve contains a Scientific Gold
Pen. One dozen Steel Pens (assorted points) and Pat-
ent Ink-retaining Penholder mailed on receipt of 50
cents.
A. S. BARNES & CO.,
Nos. 111 and 113 William street, N. Y.

All Wanting Farms.

Good Soil, Mild Climate, 34 miles south of Phila-
delphia. Price only \$25 per acre. Best of grain and grass
land. Also improved Farms. Hundreds are settling.
Information sent free. Address C. K. LANDIS, Pro-
prietor, Vineland, N. J.

\$10 to \$20 a Day Guaranteed.

GOOD AGENTS WANTED to introduce our **NEW**
STAR SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE. *Stitch*
alike on both sides. The only first-class, low-priced ma-
chine in the market. We will CONSIGN MACHINES to
responsible parties, and EMPLOY ENERGETIC AGENTS on a
SALARY. Full particulars and sample work fur-
nished on application. Address W. G. WILSON & CO.,
Cleveland, O.; Boston, Mass., or St. Louis, Mo.